Vol. XL. No. 1069

TWOPENCE

# JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper,
Postage all over the world, 1d.

BOVRIL CAMPAIGN AGAINST COLDS

Keep Warmer on BOVRIL

PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

OUR Xmas Gift COUPON (see page 2)

# JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to You

Your name or that of a friend engraved in gold on the Pen gives it the finishing touch.

1/- Christmas Gift Voucher.
This Xmas Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous 'John Bull' Pen. Only one voucher taken in part payment for each Pen. Offer available till Dec. 31, 1926.
A 2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL Free

The famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14 ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped is cut out of solid vulcanite. Safety cap; beautifully chased. Equal to pens selling at double and treble the price. All British. Two years guarantee with each Pen.

## ADDITIONAL 25,000 GIFTS

To the first 25,000 applicants we will present Free, in addition, a beautiful 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with re-fills.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

**With Christmas only three weeks away, readers are strongly advised to send in their applications at once and avoid the inevitable Christmas rush.**

We again repeat the offer: The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" Lever Filler Pen, and to THE FIRST 25,000 APPLICANTS "John Bull" will present in addition a FREE 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Pen and Pencil are packed in a Golden Presentation Box. Cut out Voucher, attach to Coupon below and post your application to-day

## Christmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Christmas Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (which includes Postage and Insurance).

(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.....

(Write in capitals name desired.)

Cross Cheque/P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B. 11.12.26

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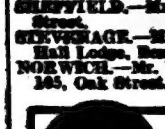
# JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

# 102 MORE CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

*We publish below the names of a few only of those who benefit this week:*

**FIRE UP TO £400**

MELBOURNE, DERBY.—Mrs. A. CLARKE, Market Place.
BROXBURN, W. LOTHIAN.—Mrs. E. TAIT, Buchan Lane.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. E. BERESFORD, 151, Forest Road.
RISCA, MON.—Mr. E. HODGE, 18, Grove Road.
DORCHESTER.—Mrs. A. ABBOTT, 2, Allsaddle.
ABERRAMAN.—Mrs. T. DAVIES, 103, Cardiff Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. MILLS, 21, Fitzalan Street.
STEVENAGE.—Mrs. C. CARTER, Walkern, Hall Lodge, Bennington.
NORWICH.—Mr. W. BULL, Key and Castle 105, Oak Street.

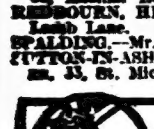


**STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300**

NEW VALE.—Mrs. M. WILLIAMS, 14 Wilmette Terrace.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. R. NOTON, 5, Wednesbouth Green, Hollingworth.
TULLIBODY, By STIRLING.—Mrs. M. BOARDS, 22, Alloa Road.
TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. S. DAVIES, 31, Bryn Bedw Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. SIMPSON, Nettle Hall Farm, Hollingworth.
TONYPANDY.—Mr. A. JONES, 103, Primrose Street.
MOUNTAIN ASH.—Mr. T. REES, 12, Mary Street, Newtown.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. A. BENNETT, 62, Walter Street.
CARDIFF.—Mr. E. KELLY, Tal Machen, Nelson.

**SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0**

ASHTON-ON-MERSEY.—Mr. ABRAH... Seymour, 7, Howells Avenue.
BICKACRE, Nr. CHELMSFORD.—Mr. C... Eaton, The Bungalow.
YORK.—Mr. T. HANLEY, 58, Kitche... Street.
SALISBURY.—Mrs. L. CREFE, 18, ... Edmunds, Church Street.
HANDSWORTH.—Mrs. A. PEARSON, ... Florence Road.
CHADWELL HEATH.—Mrs. L. TOWCE... 38, Ashmar Road, Becontree Estate.
REDBOURN, HERTS.—Mr. F. READ, ... Leabb Lane.
SPALDING.—Mr. C. ENDERBY, Pode Ho...
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.—Mr. E. KNOW... ne, 33, St. Michael Street.



**ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK**

TWYFORD, BERKS.—Mrs. S. W. WI... Church Street.
COEDPOETH, Nr. WREXHAM.—Mrs. ... Hawke, 9, Greenfield Road.
ALTRINCHAM, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. J. SP... bury, 7, Egerton Terrace.
ESSENDINE, Nr. STAMFORD.—J. ... Spencer, 1 Essendine Yard.
CRICKLADE, WILTS.—Mr. J. KILMINST... Hatchette.
ARDWICK.—Mrs. M. LEESON, 38, Alb... Street.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. S. A. BOO... Somersley, Brindley Ford.
GOOLE.—Mrs. M. HENDERSON, 18, ... Close Lane.
HIGHBURY.—Mrs. E. J. MERRITT, ... Avenell Road, Aubert Park.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.

Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

READER'S NAME ..... Age .....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

READER'S SIGNATURE .....

NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEWSAGENT .....

.....

DATE .....

Use ½d. stamp. Registered envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....

# Ingersoll

## FOR XMAS GIFTS.

Ingersoll Watches and Clocks offer the ideal solution to the Christmas Gift problem. There is a wide range from which to select a Gift to convey your Christmas Greetings that will be heartily appreciated and used and valued for years to come. Each Ingersoll carries the famous guarantee of accuracy and reliability.

INGERSOLL WATERBURY RADIOLITE 20/-
PLAIN DIAL .. 25/-
In Gold Filled Case .. .. .. 50/-

Look for the name Ingersoll on the dial. Any dealer who tries to persuade you to take something else has an ulterior motive for doing so.

INGERSOLL WATCHES ... 5/6 to 110/-
INGERSOLL ALARM CLOCKS 5/6 to 25/-

*Sold only by Ingersoll Accredited Agents throughout the Country.*

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## All who hear it, say— AMAZING!

People who listen to

# BURNDEPT "ETHOVOX" LOUD-SPEAKERS

for the first time are amazed that Wireless has arrived at such perfection.
No loud-speaker can amplify what is not there, but an "Ethovox" gets the utmost out of any set—in volume—in tone—in clarity. You will be astounded at the difference an "Ethovox" makes.

## Why not have a DEMONSTRATION now At YOUR LOCAL BURNDEPT DEALER'S?

**"ETHOVOX" WITH METAL HORN.**
The swan-neck and flair are made of different metals so as to be completely non-resonant. Will deal with considerable amplification, and can as effectively be used in a large hall as in the home. Finished a rich mahogany colour and with rubber-covered feet to prevent damage to delicate surfaces.
For use direct in the plate circuit. £4:10:0
"ETHOVOX" JUNIOR .. .. £2 2 0

**"ETHOVOX" WITH MAHOGANY HORN.**
The same size as the "Ethovox" with Metal Horn—16 in. high. The 15 in. flair is of dark polished mahogany. The wooden horn gives a full round tone, and the rubber feet prevent "chattering" and damage to delicate tables. Very strong, neat in appearance, with metal parts finished a rich mahogany colour to match flair.
For use direct in the plate circuit. £5:5:0
"BURNDEPT" PETER PAN .. 15/6

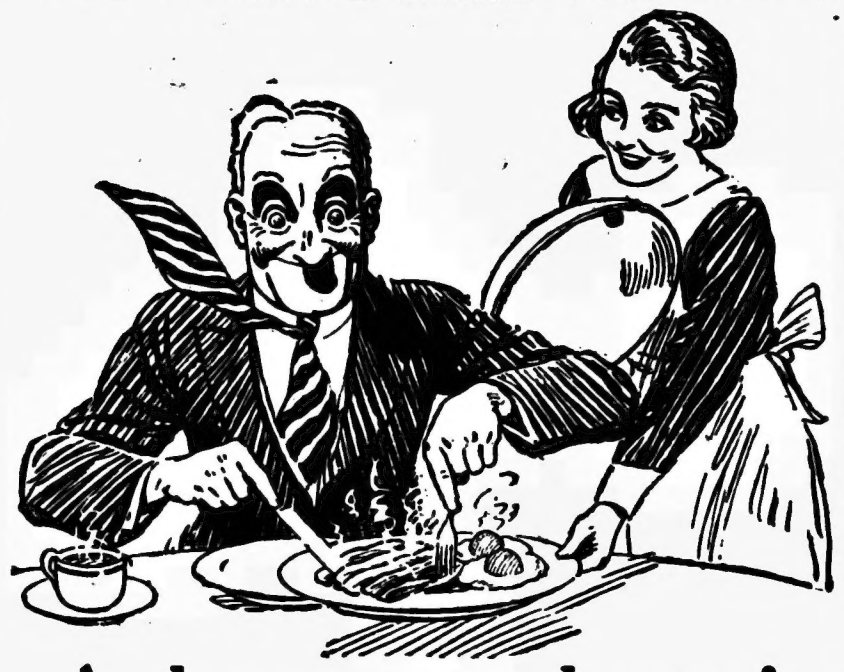
Head Offices and Factory: BLACKHEATH, London, S.E.3.

BURNDEPT WIRELESS LIMITED

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 15, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.

AGENTS and BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.





# As hungry as a hunter!

Are you one of the bright and breezy folk that the joyous savour of the bacon brings hot-foot down to breakfast? Or is yours that melancholy eye which wanders from the morning paper no further than the toast-rack?

Is your breakfast a square meal? Or a mere nibble?

Not much doubt about which is the proper way of starting a proper day, is there? Not much doubt that you need the square meal. If you don't want it there's something wrong. It isn't anything subtle or secret or difficult to trace. It's merely that your system has lost tone in these tricky days between winter and spring. You need bucking up. You need the "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts.

A "sixpenceful" every morning, tasteless in your first cup of tea, is nature's own prescription, for this little pinch is a scientific combination in nature's own proportions of the six mineral salts that your eliminating organs need to keep them in perfect trim. You must have these salts. You must have them every day. Thanks to the stuffy, inactive life you're forced to lead, you don't get them from your food as nature intended; so you must get them the Kruschen way if you're to avoid constipation, and all its attendant ills and miseries.

When harmony and efficiency are restored to your inside with Kruschen's gentle aid, your present listlessness and sluggishness will very soon give way to "that Kruschen feeling." With refreshed virile blood pounding through you like a mill-race, you'll wake up every morning with such a zest for life—and such an appetite for breakfast—that you'll almost be inclined to say, like the old lady of the nursery rhyme, "Lawks-a-mussy, this is none of I!"

Buy a 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen NOW, start the "little daily dose" to-morrow, and wire into the eggs and bacon every morning like a good 'un. IT'S THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT! Prove it to your profit.

*Tasteless in Tea*
Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

# Kruschen Salts

TESTED JB

## Good Health for a Farthing a Day

The dose of a sixpenceful taken every morning is found in practice just the right amount for a most invigorating daily tonic. The medicinal dose for persons suffering from pains of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, or sciatica, or habitual constipation, with inactive liver, etc., is half to one tea-spoonful in a tumbler of hot water before breakfast. Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months. This works out at a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle at your chemist's to-day, and start to-morrow. **It's the little daily dose that does it!**

# XMAS PRESENTS 1926 ?

WHAT SHALL I GIVE HIM ?

*The Cigarettes which Men Smoke*

# "TURF"

## VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

*They smoke smoothly indoors & out!*

***Now obtainable in beautiful red, blue and gold metal boxes, 50 for 2/6, 100 for 5/-. Every "Turf" cigarette sold is guaranteed made from Tobacco aged and matured in wood for 3 years.***

CARRERAS LIMITED, 138 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY.

Week ending Saturday, Dec. 11, 1926. Twopence. Vol. XL. No. 1022.

# JOHN BULL

*For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.*

*The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
*Telephone:* Gerrard 9870
*Telegrams* Heroically, London.

## The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

**Comfort and the Community.**

We like the policy of Mrs. Baldwin, who says: "A healthy home is half-way to a happy home, and a happy home is more than half-way to a happy community." Even a First Minister might learn wisdom from his wife.

**Sweating our Peers.**

To get through the form of passing the Government Bills, the House of Lords is having to meet five days a week this month, and actually sometimes to sit after dinner! Over the Electricity Bill they talked till 1.20 in the morning. We hope the unaccustomed labour won't do them any harm.

**Just a Garrison.**

For all the amendments the Government allows them to make, the peers might just as well pass the whole lot of Bills at one go. A Conservative Ministry has itself no use for the House of Lords. It only keeps it alive to spike the guns of any other kind of Government.

**Bad Bait.**

The new small holdings measure is a sprat that won't catch the mackerel. For "peasant proprietors" to be "a bulwark against revolution," proprietorship must come a lot cheaper.

**A Trade with a Hump.**

Be it noted that more than one coal company this year has been able to divide a trifling 5 per cent. or so out of previous years' profits. Though nobody loves them, the coalowners have not had to eat worms.

**Go to Hull.**

Kenworthy's victory for Labour at Hull is a straight message to the Government to get busy or get out—and a straight message to the Liberal "leaders" to drop their fatuous quarrels.

**Slumps Coming.**

There's an intention to introduce legislature dealing with land lease anomalies. We're tired of tinkering. What's wanted is an up-to-date land policy to shake off for good and all the throttling grip of the land profiteer.

**Investors Gamble.**

Concessions in Bolivia worth many millions granted to a British company are attracting speculators in London. What we want to see is land concessions in this country, and millions devoted to sensible development here.

**The Snag.**

While the Government urges poultry farmers to keep only the best strains Hunts pay a minimum barn-yard price for fowls killed by foxes. Blood sports flourish at the expense of honest industry. It's a mad policy.

**Enlightenment at Glasgow.**

By a large majority Glasgow Corporation has decided to open the children's swings in the public parks on Sundays. What a lot of miserable killjoys must compose those religious bodies which "protested."

**Let Kiddies Laugh.**

Other municipalities must follow Glasgow's lead. Children debarred from innocent play and happiness become potential hooligans. That's what the "unco' guid" haven't thought of yet.

**The Cost of It.**

Great Britain is spending at present £470,600,000 per year for past, present and future wars—that is to say, £10 per person each year, or approximately £50 per family. A very little sanity would soon find a cheaper way of settling international differences.

**Compare Facts.**

The cost of world armaments in 1924 was £580,000,000, the cost of the League of Nations £900,000. Six hundred and fifty times as much for death as for life. The people of the world can reverse these figures just as soon as they decide to do it.

**Stop that Gas.**

When the Geneva sub-committee says the manufacture of poison gas cannot be prevented, it is itself spreading poison gas. If every man who may have to put on a gas-mask in war went for his own Government, the Governments would soon find a way.

**Peace Poison.**

British experts say that for marching men gas invention has now outstripped the mask; only a motor rush could get through the poison zone. The armament-mongers are busy putting up poisonous smoke clouds. Better scotch these mischief-makers in peace-time and save the marchers from war.

**The League—and After.**

It has been arranged to hold a private meeting of diplomatists after the forthcoming Council of the League of Nations. To dictate to the world by means of secret diplomacy—which is what this means—is to invite disaster.

**For Ex-Service Men.**

Don't forget the permanently war-wrecked men in hospitals this Christmas. The gathering round the Yule log in the home won't be less merry for remembering the once-heroic fellows cut off from it.

**100 "BULLETS" HAMPERS**

BIG New Year Hampers, full of good things, await you in "Bullets" this week!

*See page* 39.

**Money to Burn.**

While thousands of living children go short of food, clothes and education the painting of a dead girl realised 74,000 guineas when the Michelham art treasures were sold. It's a mad world!

**The Mill and the Miller.**

The by-products of white flour are now so valuable that wholemeal bread "cannot be sold at the same price" as its more elegant neighbour. It's no use doctors urging "eat brown bread." Poor folk must buy the cheapest.

**For the Next War.**

Catterick Camp is to be enlarged. Twelve square miles of territory will be devoted to military training. With all this money and land to spare, why not a bit more for industry and housing?

**The Dutchman's Way.**

In Holland a scheme has been worked out to help needy children without depleting the revenue. Charity postage stamps can be bought costing a little in excess of their face value. It's the "extra bit" helps the kiddies. We might do worse than copy.

**A Dangerous Drug.**

Thyroid extract is being used by women to produce thinness. It can also produce death when in the hands of the ignorant. It should be included under the Dangerous Drugs Act.

**A Humane Invention.**

At St. George's Hospital, London, a life-saving apparatus has passed successful tests. Should fire break out even unconscious persons can be safely lowered. That's when science justifies itself.

**Fair Weather Ahead.**

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company have ordered six new vessels to be built on the Tyne. The shipyards on the Weir are likewise busy, and the Tees is also humming. When shipping is good, the general trade barometer must rise.

**Full Steam Ahead.**

Ever since the general strike locomotive and carriage works at Newton Abbot have been on half time. Now they have restarted fully. A happier Christmas for the workers is bound to result.

**The Royal Lead.**

The Queen has adopted a small, friendless boy, and is "going to educate him and see that he is properly brought up." It is the practical idea of a motherly woman, and one that others who are well off might follow.

**Dinna Forget.**

The poor of London's East End are making wonderful toys and novelties for Christmas jollity. Some of the happiness must go back to them. Those who sow the harvest must come in for a bit of the reaping.

**The Women Protest.**

Responsible women who visited University College Physiological School, London, were refused permission to inspect the laboratories where animals are detained. If there's no cruelty, why foster suspicion by secrecy?

## The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

**A Sorry Son.**

"Honour thy mother" is a commandment Hubert Marsden, of Moor Crescent, Leeds, has callously ignored. To give him life she risked her own, but what love he had for her when she was old and in need is shown by his heartless offer to give her only 3d. a week for her maintenance. It's a pity Hubert's mother ever had such a son.

**Magisterial Mischief.**

So often have we had occasion to congratulate Mr. Cairns, the Thames Police Court magistrate, on his broad-minded sanity, that his latest utterance comes to us as a shock. "There is no profession nowadays which gives a boy such a chance as the Army," he said. We regret this dictum, since we hold it to be diametrically opposed to the truth.

**Worthy of their Hire.**

At the Monmouth Assizes, Mr. Justice Swift advised a jury who asked for expenses that the next time there was a Parliamentary election they should bring the subject of the payment of jurymen to the notice of candidates. We agree that it is absurd to expect men willingly to neglect business in the service of the State without adequate remuneration.

**Out of Touch.**

When questioned in the House about the petty and irritating restrictions on the sale of sweets and tobacco, the Home Secretary blandly assumed that there was no real demand for a change in the law. The vigour of the protests from all sides startled him, and he practically promised to set up an advisory committee. It is astonishing how out of touch with the people some Ministers are.

**A Humble Hero.**

When in the North Sea, the Lowestoft trawler *Sarepta* met with rough weather, during which a member of the crew was washed overboard. Harry Smith, twenty, of Kessingland, Suffolk, another member of the crew, dived in after his comrade, and held up the man until a line was thrown to them. When life is at stake, no matter the danger, sailors don't care!

**Fortune-teller's Victims.**

Nellie Wilkinson, one of Blackpool's fortune-fakers, has been lining her purse by spinning fiction tales to superstitious girls and women along the South Shore promenade. Two young girls listened, and, believing that what she said was true, were so upset that they were still in bed ill when Nellie's case was called in court. Blackpool's magistrates must remember that pests cannot be got rid of by fines when their game is profitable.

**British—and Best.**

Under the "Little Brothers" scheme, over 1,000 English boys were sent to Australia. According to the latest report, every single one is prosperous and happy, and it has been arranged that the lads themselves shall nominate those of their comrades whom they wish to join them. While we do not begrudge Australia her gain, we fervently hope that the Old Country will not have too much cause to regret her loss.

**Coroners and Colonels.**

When Private Robert Arthur, K.O.S.B., was found dead on the railway, a verdict of "Accidental death" was recorded. Although the Doncaster military authorities were notified, they made no attempt to arrange about the burial, nor did they send a representative to the enquiry. The deputy coroner was justified in complaining that a man who had served his country for more than twenty years deserved more considerate treatment.

**Penalties and Pensions.**

When two pensioned ex-soldiers were charged with stealing chinchilla rabbits from the Army Vocational Farm, Aldershot, the magistrates stated that they would not sentence the prisoners to hard labour as this would lead to the loss of their pensions. In each case a fine of 40s. was substituted. We have always held that as a pension is deferred payment for services rendered, no subsequent happening should cancel it.

**A Widow's Ordeal.**

At Limpleystoke, Wiltshire, a widow pleaded for exemption from the painful duty of viewing the body of her drowned husband. She was soon to become a mother and dreaded the possible effect on her baby. The coroner, however, Mr. Forrester, insisted. Humanity is outraged when the forms of law are deemed of more importance than a mother's wise care for her unborn child.

**The Dementing Drug.**

Young Ping was caught smoking opium, in the dead of night, in a Pitt Street den, and with him was a half-caste woman inhaling the soul-destroying fumes, proving to the authorities at Liverpool that drug-traffickers are still busy. Ping is going home, but that is not enough. The avenues the smugglers travel must be closed.

**A Just Strike.**

Thirty girls employed by Messrs. A. Goodman and Sons, wholesale tailors, Commercial Street, E., recently struck work. They had been paid 4½d. a pair for machining trousers, and the employers wanted to cut this to 4d. At the higher figure one girl had worked nine hours for 3s. 7d., and another for 3s. What is the use of the Trade Boards Act while such vile sweating goes on?

**Branded Babes.**

Long after every miner is back in the pits there will be cruel distress in the coalfields. "The babies born here in the last month or two," says a Lancashire observer, "are like wizened old men." In one case there was "no flannel to put the baby in, no nightdress for the mother." No wonder the men's resistance has collapsed, but for mineowners to call it "victory" is a blasphemous misuse of the word.

**Hole House.**

We wonder that the owners of the house rented by Mr. Sidney Borley, an agricultural labourer of Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, had the cheek to sue him for arrears of rent. Mr. Borley said he had to put pails to catch the rain that dripped through the roof and hang sacks up so that neighbours could not see him undressing through the holes in the walls. He has been given three months in which to find an unfilleted cottage. We hope he finds "a better 'ole."

*The Human Machine*

# The Fatal Pause

**by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.**

WHAT do you do when you have accomplished something that you think is worth while?

Do you sit back with a complacent smile and say: "Good! That's done—now I can take it easy"?

It is human nature to slack off at such times, but it isn't wisdom. That fatal pause for self-admiration and compliments that so often follows achievement has been responsible for the crashing of a good many promising careers.

That "moment after" is, in point of fact, not the moment for easing off but the time for redoubled effort. It is the golden opportunity for consolidating gains and preparing a good jumping-off ground for the next attack.

ANYONE who can really rest satisfied after accomplishment has no ambition, for ambition cannot remain still. It always urges on and throws a searchlight on to the next obstacle, the next goal, the next job to be tackled.

The ability to overcome the tendency to that fatal pause is the measure of a man's worth.

No man who is worth his salt can bear to sit idle and pat himself on the back. He immediately sees the defects in what he has done and sets about doing the next job better than ever.

**Polishing Up Pimlico.**

Henceforward, no washing must be hung out in the little backyards of Pimlico. The Duke of Westminster means to improve his property as fast as leases fall in, and make the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace once more a fashionable area. We're all for the renovations, sanitation and bright paint, but if washing is to be barred then ample accommodation for the job elsewhere ought to be provided. Cleanliness is next to godliness, even in "fashionable" neighbourhoods.

**The Charlatan.**

Duncan Barbour, of Hackney, is a stoic rascal. A while ago he was found lying by the roadside between Bagshot and Egham, and at first it was presumed that he had been knocked down by a non-stop motorist. The police, however, knew the wily fellow. Repeatedly he has been known to punch himself about the face and smear his features with blood. We would remind Barbour of the boy who cried "Wolf!" once too often.

**Penalising the Innocent.**

The law of the land—in theory if not in practice—accounts an accused person innocent until proved guilty. Sarah Jane Robertson, a Halifax waitress, was charged with bigamy at Leeds Assizes. Mr. Justice McCardie acknowledged that she had been more sinned against than sinning, and because she had been awaiting trial for three months, and had never before been in trouble, he sentenced her only to one day's imprisonment, which meant her immediate release. Three months' imprisonment, yet lawfully guiltless—what a tragic farce!

**Under a Bushel.**

The young men belonging to the London Rover Scouts have, indeed, justified their right to our gratitude. They have sworn to a pledge to come forward when called upon to submit to the transfusion of blood to any patients who need their help in this way. In under a year nearly six hundred transfusions were given, and some of these fine young men have submitted themselves to the operation seven times. The Prince of Wales is a Rover, and every Rover is a prince among men.

**The Family Friend.**

When fire broke out in a room where the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Royston Road, Penge, was sleeping, a fox-terrier tied on a lead near by grew frantic. Despite its struggles it could not escape until the lead burned through; then it rushed off—not to escape from the scene of its terror, but to a woman cleaning in another room, to bring her to where the baby lay in deadly danger. The little one was rescued quite unhurt. This is just another of the incidents we would have put up in every cell where men are imprisoned for cruelty to animals.

**The Pound of Flesh.**

Judge Sir Alfred Tobin has worked out the interest under a money-lender's default clause at 380 per cent. per annum. "I do not suppose the carry it into force any more than Shylock was allowed to cut out the heart of his debtor," he says, "but people sign their promissory notes and then they are at their mercy." In that last remark lies the whole iniquity of the laxness of the law regarding money-lenders. For the sake of a few paltry shillings which people borrow and cannot repay, many undergo a whole lifetime of apprehension and misery.

**The Wisdom of Precaution.**

We have been unpleasantly reminded of late that even our splendid British railways are not free from accidents. There is the case of the Rotherham express disaster, in which seven lost their lives. One of the victims, Mr. [illegible] Bailey, 9, Willow Park, Pontefract, was under the *People* Free Insurance Gift. The simple signing of a form enabled him to leave his widow a legacy of £500. Thousands of our registered readers, who are well aware of the value of free insurance, will applaud his

**A Practical Woman.**

Mrs. Tolliday, wife of a former Wesleyan minister at Walsall, has equipped Ablewell Street Wesley Church with wireless apparatus for the benefit of the deaf. Visitors who are hard of hearing are taken to pews where earphones are fixed, and they can enjoy the service. It's just one of those human actions that prove the truth of the saying that one ounce of help is worth more than a pound of pity.

**The Road Hog.**

Wilfred John Shepherd, of Gawcott Farm, Buckingham, has been fined £15 at Winslow and sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and richly does he deserve both forms of punishment. While drunk and driving a motor-car he ran into a cyclist whom he left injured by the way, dragging along the bicycle for two miles. These are the real dangers of the road to-day, and the sooner such are laid by the heels the safer will be the highways for the public.

**Giving Silently.**

The London Temperance Hospital requires £32,000 to meet the deficit by which it is handicapped. While the secretary was in his office the other day, he was informed that a gentleman wished to see him. The visitor placed upon the desk bearer bonds to the value of £5,000. "You don't know me, and you don't want to," he remarked. The secretary has the assurance of the bank that the transaction is quite in order. He giveth twice who giveth quickly, and he giveth tenfold who giveth anonymously.

**The Padlocked Boy.**

Brutes in human form are Eric Alfred Littaur and his wife Evelyn Louise Littaur, who have been sentenced at Stratford to two months' and one month's hard labour respectively for cruelty. Because their little adopted boy, Roger Francis Vincent, "stole things," they bound him with a chain padlocked to a bed, bound his hands with a strap and thrashed him until he was a mass of bruises. Mere hard labour will never teach such people how to bring up a hapless child. The same treatment they meted out to the infant might.

**The Cure for "Madness."**

Mr. Justice Avory is not one whom it is easy to deceive. When Alexander Green, motor-driver, pleaded guilty to robbing with violence Eva Doris Hopkins, he asserted that he did not remember what had happened until he found himself running away with her purse. "I think I must have gone mad," he said. The judge opined that such madness was best cured by the lash, and sentenced the ruffian to eighteen months' hard labour with twenty strokes of the cat. The very stuff to give 'em!

**Safeguarding her Brood.**

Mrs. Tuck, of Christchurch, had the awful experience of picking up three children out of the roadway who had been killed in a motor-car accident. Can one wonder, therefore, that she refuses to allow her own child, aged five, to attend a school a mile and a quarter from her home? The Hampshire County Council has applied for an order to compel her and other parents to send their children this distance daily, though a new school has been opened in the near vicinity. The court showed wisdom in adjourning the cases for three months for satisfactory arrangements to be made.

**A Wicked Widower.**

George Smith, of Manchester, a metal worker and a widower, forty-six, put a notice in a shop window for a domestic servant. A girl of twenty-two applied and got the job at 8s. a week to look after George and his children. Then the persecution began. Love-letters were dropped about to entrap the girl and finally she was trapped, locked in and "carried to a room." In an agony of mind and body the girl escaped and Smith has gone to prison for three years' penal servitude. Never was a sentence more deserved. It is such scoundrels as this who poison the minds of decent girls against all forms of domestic service.

**A Shabby Clothing Business.**

"Post your order to-day with 5s. deposit and secure a suit," announces H. C. Shaw, who trades as Cray Stewart and Co., at South Street, London, E.C. Numerous poor people have forwarded 5s., only to find that they cannot "secure" a suit until they have paid up the full value. When they protest at the deceptive nature of the offer they are unable to obtain a refund of their deposit.

**Two Girls' Honour.**

Two girls charged with a youth at the South Western Police Court with improper behaviour, were completely exonerated, as was the youth. P.C. Turner, who brought the charge, had a further one against the youth of assault, but this also was dismissed, the magistrate saying that the constable had exaggerated his injuries. A policeman who brings unfounded charges which affect the honour of girls needs a severe reprimand.

**A Baronet's Offer.**

From an address in Shaftesbury Avenue, Sir Alexander Spearman, Bt., has lately sent out circulars to shareholders of British Glues and Chemicals, Ltd., requesting them to fill in replies to a printed questionnaire. "You will not incur the slightest obligation," is his assurance, "and it may be the means of saving you further loss." Sir Alexander Spearman's past record in company affairs hardly encourages us to view him in the light of a champion of lost causes.

**Left in the Lurch.**

At the age of twenty, Frances Waring came to London to work, met Waring, a crook, who introduced her to his accomplice a woman named Desiree, and took her to what she thought was a a register office and "married" her. Later he held a razor to her throat and terrified her into going out to steal. When she was arrested Waring and his accomplice vanished. She has now been sent home to her mother, but Waring is unpunished.

**Another for the List.**

Readers are requested to make a note of Geoffrey Phillips and Co., "turf and football commissioners," as a defaulting firm. After operating from two London addresses with unsatisfactory results for numerous clients, they removed to Terminus Road, Brighton, with the intimation that letters should be addressed there. Correspondence is now being returned from Brighton marked "Gone away."

**Cash and Capability.**

The Selfixa Co., Ltd., of Little Essex Street, N., "manufacturers of the 'Selfixa' Patent Adhesive Letters," advertises for agents, and informs applicants that it desires to appoint "a few really good and capable men." It also requests a cash deposit of 3s. 6d. before sending "samples and literature." We do not know how the payment of 3s. 6d. for particulars of a job can signify the capability of the applicant, but we do know that formerly the Selfixa Company practised the same tactics from an office in Southampton Row.

**A Legal Farce.**

When, at Manchester Assizes, Mr. Justice Branson was dealing with a betting prosecution, it was alleged that the police had faked betting slips, and given them the appearance of being snatched off the fire. His lordship said that if this were so it was a vile attempt to convict without cause. The judge commented upon the anomaly which allows betting by 'phone or letter while it is forbidden on a cash basis, and emphasised his views by discharging the defendants.

## COAL DISPUTE

**Important Announcement to Registered Readers of "John Bull."**

THE Proprietors of JOHN BULL wish to inform any Registered Reader who may have temporarily discontinued taking JOHN BULL regularly during the period of the Coal Dispute and that provided his order with his newsagent is renewed forthwith, he will remain qualified for the benefits of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift, and that there will be *no need to re-register*.

***Problems of Life***

# *What We Expect from Life*

**by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.**

THE suicide of the well-known author, Allen Upward, a week or two ago, has excited a considerable amount of Press comment, most of it compassionate.

*The late Mr. Allen Upward*

But no one, so far as I have been able to observe, has quite pierced to the root of the tragedy of this sad life-ending.

Poor Upward killed himself because he began at length to realise that he had been asking from life what life could not give him. He had been bitterly disillusioned and could not bear the self-discovery it brought.

Here was a man of real gifts, of much kindness of heart, of agreeable personality. But he had one weak spot—his morbid longing to be counted among the immortals of the world of letters.

I believe he suffered from what the psycho-analysts call an "inferior complex," which gave him no peace.

He must have been rather like the pathetic character, so shrewdly and penetratingly described by H. G. Wells in "Christina Alberta's Father," who managed to persuade himself that he was a reincarnation of the mighty conqueror, Sargon, King of Assyria, and got shut up in an asylum for it.

WHAT Mr. Wells succeeds in showing is that the commonplace little fellow felt his insignificance very deeply and yearned to be important and extraordinary. He brooded on the subject till his brain gave way.

Upwards was neither insignificant nor commonplace, but he longed to be recognised as a man of genius, and when the truth forced itself upon him that he was not a man of genius he found life intolerable.

He knew—that was the scorching fact. And he could not endure the knowledge. Almost certainly he had known all along, but would not listen to the inner voice until it spoke so loudly that it drowned all other accents. And then to silence it he rushed on death.

Oh, if he had but been able to take his own measure and been happy and content with the real success that life had given him!

THERE are more men and women tormenting themselves vainly in a similar way than their friends dream.

The total of disappointed people in any community is not small, and every soul of them is making the fatal mistake of despising the substance in the pursuit of the shadow.

The man of baffled ambition or the woman baulked of love and motherhood will often allow frustrated hope to poison the well-springs of joy.

Yet every personality is unique, and if denied fulfilment in one way can find it in another.

Life's richest blessings attend upon the faithful discharge of one's daily task, not in chasing the rainbow.

# A KING OF CAR THIEVES

## MOTOR DEALERS, BEWARE!

### A Super-Crook's Wiles

THE activities of an amazing swindler, who poses as a distinguished author and traveller, and whose impudent exploits have remained too long unchecked, should receive the immediate attention of Scotland Yard.

The swindler in question may well be termed a super-crook. A man of excellent education, his charm of manner leaves nothing to be desired, and the secret of his success in bringing off audacious coups lies in his ability to impress his victims as a man in whom the utmost confidence can be placed.

In the matter of dress he is almost fastidious. His wardrobe is extensive, and his garments are of the finest.

He is known by many names, some of which are in themselves striking. As "Arthur Graham," for instance, he recently called at a garage in Bridgewater and announced that he was anxious to purchase a new car.

***A particular customer***

The salesman there found his well-dressed customer very difficult to please and seemingly in no hurry to conclude his bargain. Ultimately, however, he succeeded in winning Mr. "Graham's" satisfaction by selling him a car which was one of the very latest models.

In his most polished manner, and with his expensive golden wristlet watch displayed very conspicuously throughout the operation, he proceeded to make out a cheque in payment of the new car.

As he did so he stipulated that it was to be returned to him if, after an hour's "trial run," he did not feel satisfied with the bargain he had made.

Driving his newly purchased limousine out of the garage in a manner which spoke of considerable skill and knowledge of cars, Mr. "Graham" went off blithely for the "trial run."

The fact that he did not return led the salesman at Bridgewater to believe that the car suited the purchaser's requirements.

***An elusive gentleman***

This belief was soon dispelled, however, and his peace of mind was sadly disturbed when Mr. "Graham's" cheque came back from the bank marked "No account."

The Bridgewater firm reported the matter to the local police, but so far Mr. "Arthur Graham" has defied the law, in spite of the fact that for this one coup alone a warrant was immediately issued for his arrest.

In another of his many names this same scoundrel obtained another car a month or so ago from a Bedfordshire garage

He followed exactly the same procedure as that employed in the Bridgewater coup, and, after they had parted with the vehicle, the garage folk discovered that he was a super-impostor, whose cheque was not worth the paper on which it was written.

As a matter of fact complaints against Mr. "Arthur Graham" and his ingenious method of obtaining costly motor-cars by false pretences, have been lodged with the police in various parts of the kingdom during the past few months.

***Slick methods***

His real name is Dennis Walton Joberns, but at one time or another he has passed under the aliases of J. Thompson, J. Holmes, L. D. Lodge, J. D. Hendrick, Coxam A. Trevor,

*Dennis Walton Joberns*

M. Coxon and John B. Moseley, in addition to the other.

How, it may be asked, does he succeed in getting away with all the cars he obtains in this manner? What does he do with them? The answer is simple, yet audacious.

Once he has obtained a car by bluffing a dealer he does not retain it for more than an hour or so. Knowing that its description is likely to be circulated without delay, he sees that there is also no delay on his part.

His usual procedure, therefore, is to get an associate to run the car forthwith to a distant town and to dispose of it there for about half its actual value. And, in the meantime, he himself calmly proceeds to another town to acquire a further car.

The car he obtained at Bridgewater, for instance, was sold on the very next day in Scotland for a sum which represented approximately two-thirds of its value.

***A cunning alternative***

Sometimes this resourceful rogue varies his methods slightly and he does not always rely upon worthless cheques in order to gain possession of a car. He has a very cunning alternative plan for obtaining the confidence of a garage proprietor.

This, in short, is simply to engineer an introduction to his prospective victim through a respected customer, which confidence has previously been obtained. On such occasions he merely expresses a desire to "hire" a car, with which, of course, he hastily absconds.

Only a few days ago this impudent rascal was in the Nottingham neighbourhood, where, in one of his assumed names, he obtained a car on the strength of a cheque drawn on the Axminster branch of the Midland Bank.

The cheque was returned as usual, but the interesting point about this particular transaction lies in the fact that the cheque was a stolen one.

It was, in fact, one from a book appropriated by Mr. Joberns from a boarding-house at Axminster, where he stayed in September last. In addition to departing with this stolen cheque-book, the unscrupulous Mr. Joberns also failed to pay his bill.

***Among the "elite"***

The truth is that many boarding-houses have been victimised by him, and it is likely that many more innocent landladies will be imposed upon by this scoundrel unless he is soon arrested and sent to jail.

As may perhaps be expected, Joberns possesses a very bad record, and is no stranger to prison precincts.

He has, in fact, already been to prison for various offences, including theft and larceny, and the fact that his picture adorns the Rogues' Gallery at Scotland Yard ought to make it a fairly easy matter for the police to lay him by the heels.

A clever gang of motor thieves is also at work to-day, but their methods are less polished and they use the stolen cars mostly for highway robberies and then discard them.

How Joberns, alias Thompson, alias Moseley, etc., manages to go on month after month obtaining cars by false pretences and actually disposing of them is a matter which gives the lesser crooks much food for thought.

***How to "spot" him***

There will always be motor thieves of one sort or another, but it cannot be disputed that Joberns stands alone. It would be no exaggeration to dub him the King of Car Crooks, and it is certain that the lesser exponents we have referred to must look upon him in that light.

We would urge garage proprietors and car dealers everywhere to be exceptionally alert in case they should be favoured with a visit from this master trickster.

He is a young man of medium height. He has light hair and is usually clean-shaven. His eyes are blue, and prominent features which should serve as a valuable means of identification are protruding ears and a mole upon the forehead.

With all trade officials on their guard, the activities of this many-named rascal should be greatly restricted, and we sincerely trust that this publicity will be of assistance to the police in enabling them to effect a speedy arrest.

# *Poulterers Plucked*

### *Disappointing Deals*

WITH poultry farmers in small way of busine the problem of marketing of vital importance. Sure sales a prompt settlement are imperati if they are to keep going.

A number of Hampshire poultry farmers thought they had solved the marketing problems when they e tered into an arrangement with t gentlemen named William Jeffr Smith and Alfred Turner Marshall.

These gentlemen were trading the "West Ewell Poultry Farm and the small farmers undertook to them handle their full output of eg for a period of twelve months.

***A bevy of creditors***

This arrangement relieved t farmers of a great deal of worr for their eggs were collected week by the West Ewell Poultry Farm a paid for at satisfactory prices.

The unfortunate part of the matt is that the satisfaction on the pa of the farmers was destined to short-lived.

After a time the buyers becam somewhat remiss in settling th accounts, and by the time the twel months' period had expired it w calculated that there were clai amounting to something like £300 the district.

Although the unfortunate farme have pressed for settlement aga and again, many of them are st without their money.

A man who was disabled in the w but who has no pension, writes th payments became irregular after few weeks.

He estimates his loss at £12 od which, in his own words, is too gre for him to stand.

Another gentleman claims that £ or more is owing to him in the sa way, whilst a struggling farmer, w is crippled with rheumatism, sta that he has not been paid for eggs the value of £19 odd.

The latter further states that he absolutely dependent on the produ of his farm for his livelihood, and loss of the amount indicated is of v grave consequence to him.

***Poor sort of agents***

One gentleman, who claims £ writes that he obtained a county co judgment against Smith and Marsh at Basingstoke on November 8.

He states that neither of the fendants appeared in court, nor w they represented.

An order was made for payment £1 a month, or twenty-one da imprisonment in default.

Some of the sums involved in ot cases are quite large.

One gentleman claims £70 a another £45, and in view of number of people affected it wo seem that there is something dra cally amiss with the affairs of Mess Smith and Marshall, who, as age for struggling poultry-farmers, le much to be desired.

# A FINANCIAL JUGGLER

## DUD OFFERS UNLIMITED

### Quarries and "Quarry"

FOR many years past an interesting individual named Harrison Ainsworth has been practising a dexterous form of financial jugglery, with disastrous results for inexperienced investors.

His repertoire of tricks may be limited, but it has served him in good stead. Briefly, his operations may be summed up under two headings—dubious company promotions and dubious debenture issues. To aid him in his activities he has gathered about him a number of able lieutenants.

Under the first heading, the company promotions are based upon the acquisition of leases of somewhat obscure brickworks, collieries, stone and slate quarries, cement works, etc. On the strength of such worthless properties Ainsworth and his associates have made appeals for funds, not once, but a dozen times.

***Fortunes for all***

It is under the second heading that these companies are launched, and to push the debenture offers two interesting companies are employed. They are the Building Industries Corporation and the London Issue Corporation, both housed in the same office in Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Quite recently the former corporation has been sending out unsolicited printed matter inviting all and sundry to take up a debenture offer in a much-boomed proposition called the New Wrysgan Slate Quarries, Ltd.

Ostensibly the corporation is out to make fortunes for all, but how far it is in a position to do so may be judged from the following facts:

This is not the first time that New Wrysgan debentures have been offered. They have been offered off and on for four years or more.

The latest offer, which is one of "10 per cent. prior lien debenture stock," gives the total authorised issue as £5,000, whereas in earlier editions it has been given as £20,000.

***Discreet silence***

The share capital is not disclosed, and reference to the files at Somerset House probably explains why. The nominal share capital is there given as £2,000, of which only £366 is subscribed in cash!

As the latest balance-sheet of the company showed a loss of £3,041 on two years' trading, it seems superfluous to state that the debenture offer should be left severely alone.

At the same time, the same people, under the guidance of Mr. Ainsworth, are sending out other unsolicited appeals for cash in the name of the London Issue Corporation.

These refer to an offer of £5,000 first mortgage debenture stock of the Gloucestershire Produce and Cold Storage Co., Ltd.

Some time ago they were offering £10,000 of "profit sharing" bonds; with this present debenture offer the prospects of profit-sharing might possibly be more remote than ever.

Lest it should be thought that nobody could be so foolish as to take up debenture stock in dubious companies of this description, we hasten to give a few particulars of the careers of Ainsworth and his confreres.

Consider the case of a company called the Staunton Quarries and Road Metalling Company, Ltd., which boasted at the end of last year a subscribed share capital of £616. There were sundry creditors for £1,130 and the profit and loss account showed a debit of £3,870.

"Cash at bankers" was represented by the staggering sum of £10 1s. 10d., yet debentures had been disposed of to the value of £12,220!

Or, follow the interesting career of another concern called Greenhithe Brickworks, Ltd. This was promoted in 1919, had a subscribed share capital of £253 and raised £6,000 on debentures.

In 1922 the trustees for the debenture-holders appointed a receiver. A year after his appointment the receiver filed an "abstract of receipts and payments." This cannot have cost him much labour, for it consisted of two simple words—"nil" and "nil." After that the company went into voluntary liquidation.

***Birds of a feather***

An interesting point in this unhappy history is that *the trustees for the debenture-holders were a pair of Ainsworth's own associates.*

A concern called the West Delabole Slate Quarries, Ltd., obtained £7,050 on debentures against a subscribed capital of £328; the New Delabole Slate Quarries, Ltd., raised £21,000 by offers of income bonds and debenture stock against a subscribed capital of £640.

The New Upminster Brickworks, Ltd., raised £7,500 against £128, and passed away after three years.

That Ainsworth and his gang should be able to raise such huge amounts on such slender security may seem astounding; but the truth is that many people whose experience of these matters is limited seem to imagine that a debenture offer is necessarily a safer investment than a share.

In Ainsworth's case the debenture-holders are sadly off indeed. Apart from the deplorable position of all the companies we have mentioned, the trustees for the debenture-holders are almost always appointed by Ainsworth himself.

***An easy way out***

When as much money as possible has been raked in on debentures, the company is disposed of by going into voluntary liquidation.

How many ignorant people have parted with their money in this way we cannot say, but the foregoing facts should be instrumental in putting the investing public on their guard in future and lead them to treat circulars which may emanate from either of Ainsworth's corporations with utter disregard.

*Mr. Wilfrid Greene, K.C., whose recent Commission of Enquiry recommended that share-pushing of this kind should be made a criminal offence*

# FIZZ GOES JACOBOWIZ!

## A Pawn-ticket Pioneer

MANY people are wondering what is happening to the affairs of a concern known as the Morocco Leather Company, Ltd.

They are creditors of the above company, and their uneasiness is due to the fact that for some considerable time now its affairs have been wrapt in mystery.

Its career has been an extraordinary one, and a few details should be of particular interest to the Board of Trade, if its officials are really anxious to find the kind of loopholes in the company laws which lead so many traders into difficulties.

The Morocco Leather Company, Ltd., came into being with a nominal capital of £500, for the purpose of achieving a very ambitious set of aims and objects.

***An ambitious scheme***

It was formed (on paper) to "acquire lands, buildings, hereditaments, etc. (in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and elsewhere), for the erection and establishment of a factory or factories, workshops, etc.," and "to deal in leather, cotton, silk and other fabrics, etc."

How it was ever hoped to carry out such an ambitious programme on the modest figure of £500 is difficult to imagine.

Actually it would seem that the company took over and exploited the somewhat obscure business of a leather merchant who describes himself as "Isaac Jacobs," of Shore Road, Hackney, London, E.

***A baby concern***

The value of the business taken over by the Morocco Company may be gauged from the fact that it was only four weeks old at the time of the transfer!

Mr. "Isaac Jacobs" is a Russian Pole, and his real name is Abraham Isaac Jacobowiz. He has never applied for naturalisation papers in this country and is registered as an alien.

What he proposed to do with the Morocco Leather Company after its formation is not at all clear.

But there is no mystery as to what eventually happened to it—it went on the rocks a couple of years ago with no assets whatever and with liabilities of some £5,000.

It has never gone into liquidation. It has just remained dormant, doing nothing one way or the other, and leaving the authorities at the Somerset House Companies Department "in the air," so to speak, as to its intentions.

This is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs.

When companies of this kind are steeped in liabilities there should be some law enforced to make them give an account of themselves to an official quarter, so that enquirers could ascertain the true position.

Too many companies are permitted to remain dormant for a time and then to fade quietly out of existence.

***Alien cheek***

What has Mr. Jacobowiz to say? We are afraid that he can say little that is helpful, for he himself is an undischarged bankrupt, whose affairs are almost as unsatisfactory as those of the Morocco Leather Company, Ltd.

A few months ago Mr. Jacobowiz failed personally for liabilities amounting to £5,088. The only asset he produced in his statement of affairs was a pawn-ticket valued at £4!

How pleased his creditors must have felt at the prospect of £4 being distributed equally among them!

***On the rocks***

With the Morocco Leather Co., Ltd., still on the rocks, its pioneer, Mr. Abraham Isaac Jacobowiz, recently applied to Mr. Registrar Francke, in the Bankruptcy Court, for his discharge in bankruptcy.

His application was refused, and the discharge of this unnaturalised Russian Pole was suspended for two years, a very right and proper decision.

The action of Mr. Registrar Francke settles, for the time being, the private affairs of Mr. Jacobowiz; but what of his Morocco Leather Company, Ltd., high and dry on the rocks, with its heavy liabilities?

The latter is a question for the Board of Trade to ponder.

# A WARRANT FIASCO

## ACROSS THE WORLD FOR NOTHING

### Emigrant's Pitiful Plight

HALF-WAY round the world to execute a warrant! What heinous crime has been committed to cause such a journey? What shall we say when at the end the charge cannot be justified?

MISFORTUNE has a way of dogging the footsteps of some with relentless brutality.

Take the case of Richard Dixon and his sister, a frail old lady of sixty-five, who were brought halfway round the world from Adelaide, Australia, to the Old Bailey in London to answer a charge of fraudulent conversion, only to be acquitted.

Mr. Dixon and his sister, an unmarried woman, worked hard to build up a refreshment business. Mr. Dixon had a wife and family to keep. Because he had served in the Forces, he was given special privileges in the localities chosen for his three coffee-stalls.

***The company formed***

In 1923, Mr. Dixon was introduced to a solicitor, to whom he confided his ideas of extending his business. Fresh capital was urgently required and a company was formed.

The essence of Mr. Dixon's success was the fact that his war record had secured him pitches for his stalls which probably would not have been granted to a company.

On this account he was allowed to keep his name over the stalls, and he was appointed life managing director at a salary of £1,000 a year.

The arrangement worked well for a time, but one or two business setbacks ended in his deciding to forgo some of his salary. In spite of the loan of debentures things went from bad to worse.

In the following year he alleges that he was only able to draw £225, and that by that time the company owed him £1,535 for arrears of salary.

Soon after this he decided to sell the business. A purchaser was found and with the proceeds of the sale Mr. Dixon paid the creditors.

As he was the biggest creditor on account of the arrears of salary, Mr. Dixon apparently took the view that he had prior claim to the debenture-holders.

***A tragic welcome***

He has two daughters who are very delicate. He was urged by his medical adviser to go abroad for the sake of their health, and he decided to go to Australia.

Approximately eleven weeks after the business had been sold the liner with the family on board sailed.

When at last the ship reached Adelaide, old Miss Dixon and her nephew were preparing to go ashore for a few hours, when a police officer approached Mr. Dixon.

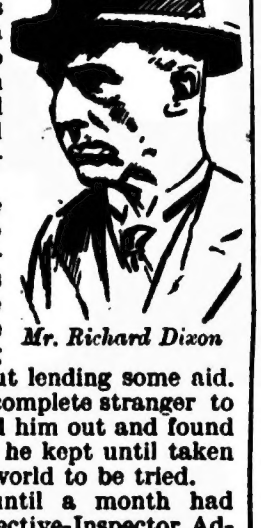
He informed him that he held a provisional warrant of arrest for him and his sister. The warrant had been taken out in the name of the former company.

Imagine the feelings of Mr. Dixon's family. The ignominy of arrest on board the liner which had been their home for weeks, and Mrs. Dixon's fear of being thrown upon her own resources in a strange land, while her husband and sister-in-law were in jail!

***Terrible torment***

Meanwhile her husband and Miss Dixon were incarcerated in bare cells for 108 hours. It is alleged, too, that for twenty-one hours they were given no food.

From this delectable place they were removed to the jail. After a week's torment, Miss Dixon was brought before a magistrate, who took pity upon her condition and granted her bail on her own recognisances.



*Mr. Richard Dixon*

There is a type of character to be found fortunately in all parts of the globe which cannot see a fellow-being in trouble without lending some aid. Such an one, a complete stranger to Mr. Dixon, bailed him out and found him a job, which he kept until taken back across the world to be tried.

It was not until a month had elapsed that Detective-Inspector Addison was sent to bring him back, and nearly six weeks later that he arrived in Adelaide.

***A horrible nightmare***

Then began the arrangements for extradition. Proceedings were instituted three weeks after, when Mr. Dixon was put back in prison.

Miss Dixon, practically an invalid, was ordered to prison also, but exempted because of her condition.

At the end of the long voyage to England "the prisoners" were taken from Tilbury to Cloak Lane Police Station, where a week-end was spent.

On the Monday both were charged before the Lord Mayor. Their solicitor applied for them to be let out on bail. This was strongly opposed by the plaintiffs, who were successful.

Mr. Dixon went to Brixton and his sister went to Holloway, where she completely broke down in health. Several remands preceded the commitment for trial at the Central Criminal Court. There the jury stopped the case, and the two, by this time pitiable figures, had not even been put in the box.

The whole thing is like a horribly realistic nightmare. Twelve thousand miles in custody, to be thrown upon the streets of London penniless, and all for what? Absolutely nothing.

Little did we think that such havoc could be wrought in two innocent lives by a warrant—even if it did cost £400 to execute, as alleged.

# A REVUE GOES PHUT

## JAZZ WITH A JERK

### Investor's Painful Experience

THE "glittering footlights" provide a strong appeal to many ambitious people. But the glitter is sometimes tarnished, and it behoves persons tempted by promising proposals to make enquiry

A NUMBER of people were interested in a recent advertisement which called for artistes to join a "Big Revue Production."

Soubrettes, comedians, dancers, vocalists and "useful people" were specially called for, and a willingness to invest from £10 to £20 in an "original production" was one of the stipulations made.

The proposition was described as "something new," and it was hinted that the venture would present a "fine opportunity for small artistes to make a name." Everything, it was stated, was ready for an "immediate rehearsal."

Those who answered this advertisement got into touch with the producer, who gave his name as Ernest Verdi, and described himself as the "owner and inventor of a production known as 'Madmania.'"

***A mammoth affair***

His notepaper spoke of his "mammoth production"; it was said to be full of "good comedy, singing, dancing—and a plot," to say nothing of "sparkling music, originality, lovely dresses and beautiful scenery." In short, it was termed "An original Jazz Band Show *à la* Revue."

Artistes were soon found to take up the proposition with almost as much keenness as Mr. Ernest Verdi himself.

A London reader, whose two daughters are clever dancers, decided to invest £20 in the venture, in which his daughters were to take a prominent part.

Later he was persuaded to increase his interest to £30 and received an agreement from Verdi under which he was to receive 33 per cent. of the profits after weekly expenses had been paid.

A few weeks after this agreement had been signed Mr. Verdi wrote to our reader endeavouring to persuade him to take up still further interest in his production.

"I am sorry to have to worry you," he wrote, "but I am rather 'in the soup,' for my other partner in the show has let me down badly."

***Not good enough***

He went on to tell how the other partner had put his money into a concert party instead, leaving Verdi temporarily without capital to carry on with.

His suggestion was that our reader should come in as a fifty-fifty partner with him, or, as an alternative, grant a loan of £20, to be repaid in three months' time.

Our reader did not yield to this suggestion, as he felt that he was already involved as far as he wished to be.

Meanwhile, in spite of the advertisement's assurance that the show was ready for "immediate rehearsals," none took place until about ten days before it eventually opened at Ashford Hippodrome.

—Handbills announced that "Madmania" was "The Great Jazz Band Show with Novel Features" and "full London Company of West End Artistes."

***A bad beginning***

One might have overlooked some of the preliminary set-backs had the production realised half the dreams of its ambitious producer.

But the plain truth must be told. The end of the very first week at Ashford found Verdi unable to meet his salary bill.

After this inauspicious beginning the venture fizzled out miserably and it was only with a great deal of trouble that the artistes managed to obtain a small portion of the salaries due to them.

The unfortunate £30 investor whom we have mentioned has so far received nothing in return for his money, and his one consolation is that he did not yield to Verdi's suggestion and become a fifty-fifty partner.

Since the fiasco Verdi has favoured him with a lengthy pencilled screed full of excuses, and explaining away the failure of his "mammoth production" by citing "bad weather," "armistice balls," "Church parades" and so on.

But how is it that the producer's high hopes were never realised?

Who, then, is Ernest Verdi? He is none other than Ernest Greene, professionally known as Jack London, whom we referred to in a recent paragraph which did not reflect to his credit.

***Advice to follow***

We then mentioned the case of a gentleman who answered an advertisement for a jazz instrumentalist and who paid Greene £2 for a place in his band. The job never materialised, as Greene intimated that he was joining another show. That other show was "Madmania," whose disastrous history we have just recorded.

In writing to his £30 investor Greene stated that some more money was necessary for licensing fees, etc., but a letter from the London County Council, which is before us at the moment, indicates that Verdi did not register under the Theatrical Employees Registration Act, 1925.

Verdi will be well advised to settle his obligations without delay and then to leave the management side of his profession severely alone.

It is to be hoped that he will be warned by past experience and that he will refrain in future from persuading other artistes or musicians to invest their hard-earned money in any more "mammoth productions," which in such circumstances as those outlined above, can hardly be expected to result in anything but titanic failure.

# *Bookie with Bluff*

### *New Ways with Clients*

COMPLAINTS against bookmakers are legion, but they afford little variety. In nine cases out of ten we are met with the same story—the bookies have gone away.

In these circumstances it is refreshing if nothing else to receive complaints in a different vein.

In recent weeks we have been favoured with much correspondence from readers who have had disappointing dealings with a Turf accountant named Walter Davington.

Davington has an office in Leicester Square, and his stationery and printed matter is of the best.

***A shock for a client***

A typical complaint reaches us from a Balham reader who opened an account with Davington, and who was astonished one day to find himself confronted with an account showing a loss against him of about £8.

This account was supposed to cover a period of seven days, but on looking at the dates our reader remembered that he had not made any bets during the week in question.

He naturally assumed that it was a mistake, but shortly afterwards a follow-up letter arrived, in which Mr. Davington expressed himself in indignant terms.

"I have no intention of letting this matter remain in its present unsatisfactory condition," he wrote, "so unless I have a remittance not later than Monday next week, I shall be compelled to take action against you and also report you to the National Sporting League."

Our reader hastened to point out that the account was in error, whereupon Davington professed that he was "very astonished." The wagers in question, he affirmed, had been made in our reader's *nom de plume*, and as his own name has also been given, there could be no dispute.

"However," he concluded, "as you entirely disclaim them, I am closing your account and shall not execute anything that you might send in the future."

***An artful excuse***

A Plymouth reader who had a winning bet with Davington amounting to £8 odd, complains that he received a counter-claim for £10 on a horse he never backed.

Here, again, the bookmaker maintained that the wager had been 'phoned and his client's *nom de plume* and actual name had been given!

From an Irish reader comes a slightly different query. He claimed winnings amounting to £11 or so, but when he pressed for payment Davington explained that he had closed the account owing to the fact that it would be illegal to transact business in Ireland under the Free State betting law.

It is clear from complaints of this sort that, however original Mr. Davington's excuses may be, his methods hardly carry satisfactory recommendation.

# ASTOUNDING BIGAMY STORY

## INNOCENT CHILDREN BRANDED

### Wife Cruelly Deceived

SOMEWHERE at large to-day is a man whose deliberate action has wronged three innocent people. He is Charles Ernest Humphries, and the victims of his action are a woman and her two children, to whom the law, as it stands at present, offers no means of redress.

A little over six years ago a lady named Mrs. Florence Topham, the widow of an artillery officer, became engaged to Charles Humphries.

Humphries represented himself as a widower. In support of his statement he produced rather grim evidence in the form of a receipt for a coffin which had been consigned from Paddington to Birkenhead, and what purported to be a death certificate.

He told his fiancée that his first wife had expressed a desire to be buried at Birkenhead, her native town, and that he had conformed to her wish, as the railway receipt showed.

***A distressful confession***

In due course they were married at Dover and, four years after the wedding, Humphries made an amazing admission whilst slightly under the influence of drink.

He declared that he had deceived Mrs. Topham and that his first wife was still living!

The poor woman's distress may well be imagined, and her thoughts flew at once to her two sons, children of her marriage with Humphries. If what the father now said was true the unjust stigma of illegitimacy would be upon them!

On the following day she taxed him on the subject and was at first met with denials. When she threatened to appeal to the police, Humphries decided to give himself up.

***A cruel wrong***

He confessed to the authorities that he had known that his first wife was still alive when he married Mrs. Topham, and he was charged with bigamy at the Maidstone Assizes, before Mr. Justice Avory. At the trial it came out that the documents with which Humphries had deceived Mrs. Topham referred to a woman with whom he had previously lived.

He was sentenced to eight months in the second division and, since his release, Mrs. Topham has obtained three affiliation orders for increasing the amount against him.

Finally, in February this year, the Bromley magistrates issued a warrant for Humphries' arrest.

The warrant has not yet been executed, for the simple reason that Humphries has so far succeeded in eluding the police.

Mrs. Topham's greatest concern is for the welfare of her two boys.

Despite the fact that she was a perfectly innocent party to the bigamous marriage, and despite the fact that the children are also innocent of any wrongdoing, they are branded, under the English law, with the stigma of illegitimacy.

When she sought legal advice on the matter she was told that the only way in which that stigma could be removed would be by the death of Humphries' wife and a second ceremony between him and Mrs. Topham!

*Charles Ernest Humphries*

It is monstrous that innocent people should be victimised in this way, and no terms can be too strong to characterise Humphries' conduct.

He has duped Mrs. Topham cruelly, has spent her money, and then, after a brief imprisonment, has paid nothing towards the support of his children.

Now he has left her to face the world and its pity as having been a party to a bigamous marriage and mother of two illegitimate children.

But, while Humphries deserves severe punishment and condemnation, his innocent victims deserve more than pity.

Their sad plight is overwhelming proof that the sooner the existing laws relating to illegitimacy are modified the better.

# A WOMAN CRIME DIRECTOR

## SIX FEET OF SPOOF

### A Pretty Pair

A PAIR of clever crooks, who pose as man and wife, have lately been operating extensively in the West Country.

The man, who has many aliases, is of military bearing and 6 ft. 2 in. in height, and is ever immaculately attired. His real name is H. E. Nowell, and he is in his fortieth year.

The woman, Margaret Moxon, is also known by many aliases. She represents the brains of the partnership, and it is she who directs Nowell in their various coups.

During the past few months this clever couple have obtained goods by false pretences from unsuspecting tradesmen and have lived in style at hotels without paying their bills.

The exclusive story of one of their latest coups, which we now give, reads more like fiction than fact.

***Spreading the net***

At Llandudno a few weeks back "Captain" Nowell (as he frequently styles himself) called upon a firm of solicitors and asked whether they would be prepared to act as Mrs. Moxon's legal advisers.

In his best style he explained that Mrs. Moxon was a very wealthy widow, whose son, when he shortly came of age, would inherit a sum of money running into tens of thousands. Although the solicitor had been a little suspicious at the beginning of the interview, the faultless manner of "Captain" Nowell soon reassured him, and he fell innocently into the net which was being spread for him.

***A successful ruse***

After the "captain" had gone into the minutest details about Mrs. Moxon's son and the alleged inheritance, he proceeded to discuss another matter.

Had the solicitor a safe that was invulnerable against fire and safe-breaking implements? he enquired. The solicitor possessed a good safe, and said so.

On receiving this assurance the "captain" handed over a small leather bag, which was locked, and which, he explained, contained securities of a very valuable nature, belonging to the wealthy Mrs. Moxon.

After a judicious interval had elapsed the "captain" favoured the solicitor with a second call and mentioned that as Mrs. Moxon was temporarily short of cash he was anxious to negotiate a loan for her against the coming inheritance.

Nowell hinted at the valuable securities reposing in the solicitor's safe, and the ruse was successful. When the "captain" departed he carried with him a substantial sum of money.

When the solicitor later went to keep an appointment with Mrs. Moxon and the "captain" at their hotel, he found that they had absconded without paying their bill!

And, on returning to his office, and opening the bag to examine the "valuable securities," he discovered nothing but rubbish.

He straightway reported the matter to the police, who are now pursuing their investigations.

The truth is that, in addition to the fairy stories told to the solicitor by the engaging "captain" and the securities-in-the-case swindle, these precious partners have carried out numerous other frauds.

***A clever partner***

Whilst Nowell does not appear to have been in police hands before, his partner is well known as a clever adventuress, who has already been convicted of fraud.

We trust that these facts will serve as a warning to the public, and also be instrumental in bringing about the early arrest of "Captain" Nowell and Mrs. Moxon.

# AN OILY TONGUE

## A SMUG "SYNDICATE"

### Piccadilly Plunderer's Ghost

THE Commercial Developments Syndicate is the name of a concern which is reaping a rich harvest from confiding traders who are led to suppose that it can put their businesses on a sound footing. Actually, it is nothing more than the one-man business of a Mr. William George Conway.

By means of cunningly worded advertisements the "syndicate" establishes communication with proprietors of businesses requiring capital for extension or reconstruction and readily accepts exorbitant fees for superfluous services before finding the financial support expected.

A gentleman, who elects to be known by the apt pen-name "Unlucky," was seeking a partner in his business. He approached the "syndicate," believing that it would help him.

***Plausible talk***

He received a call from a plausible representative of the concern who advised him to fill up its printed form. Thus he put his signature to a lengthy document, saying that he wished the "syndicate" to assist him in the formation of a private limited company with a nominal capital of £13,000.

He agreed to transfer his business to the company in consideration of his receiving £1,000 in cash and 1,000 ordinary shares of £1 each.

The form also included a commission note to the "syndicate" that it should be paid 5 per cent. on all capital raised.

With the form, he handed over £32 to the "syndicate," having put his signature to a statement that this sum was to cover the "syndicate's" charges for supplying documents necessary for registering the company and incidental expenses.

The gentleman little realised that these services would be absolutely worthless. No capital was forthcoming, and the services paid for could well have been delayed until it had been found.

***More promises***

Another trusting trader who has had a long-drawn-out correspondence with the "syndicate" was promised a "financial proposition" if he would state the name of the company he proposed, the amount of capital required, the price for which he would sell his business to the company, and the salary he would accept as managing director.

Having replied to the queries he received the promised "proposition." The company, it was suggested by the "syndicate," should have a nominal capital of £1,000, with 500 preference shares "to be issued for subscription." The trader put down £14 10s. for the documents.

Certain documents have been prepared, but after more than five months, the company has not been formed nor have any shares been "issued for subscription."

The Commercial Development Syndicate and William George Conway are comparatively new names in the company-mongering business, but their methods are not novel.

The printed form which they use is identical with that used by W. R. Ashton, who curiously enough, also operates from the same address, 90, Chancery Lane, London.

***The usual ending***

The methods also resemble those of J. C. Hamilton (formerly Abrahams), who called himself Premier or Piccadilly Industrial Investments, but whom we have described as "The Piccadilly Plunderer." The resemblance may be due to the fact that W. R. Ashton was at one time associated with Hamilton.

Ashton's principles, too, are somewhat akin to those of his brother, H. A. Ashton, whose notoriety in connection with the London Financial Service is already familiar to JOHN BULL readers.

The unfortunate part of these company-mongering concerns is the fact that their propaganda, so alluringly worded, reaches a large proportion of traders who are in dire need of financial assistance.

Instead of their hopes being realised, the unfortunate applicants generally find themselves a stage nearer bankruptcy as a result of having succumbed to the enticements of the glib-tongued touts who sell services which to those acquainted with company matters are obviously valueless.

# HEARTBREAK HOUSE

## A FURNISHED ROOM RAMP

### Peeps into Peckham

THE wholesale evasion of the Rents Restriction Act in the sub-letting of "furnished" rooms by avaricious tenants has a shocking illustration in the following case.

In Peckham Rye there is a house known as 41, Carden Road, owned by an old lady of seventy.

Her name is Miss Hume and her house is a semi-detached villa, consisting of seven rooms and a bathroom.

Miss Hume lives in one room at the top of the house and keeps also what is known as the front sitting-room for her own use.

The rest of the house she lets out to very poor people as furnished rooms.

In the two back rooms upstairs live Mr. Ernest Postans with his wife and six children, the eldest of whom is eleven years and the youngest eight months. These rooms are let furnished.

***A dreadful home***

A representative of JOHN BULL who inspected the home of the Postans was of the opinion that 10s. would have been a very fair offer for the furniture.

It was literally a case of a roof and four walls. There was no paper on the walls, no blinds or curtain at the windows, and not one chair that was absolutely whole.

When he entered the living-room the washing was hanging across it to dry.

It appears that Miss Hume has declared the garden out of bounds. The bedroom boasted a dressing-table and a bed.

But what a bed—the bedding was just a badly torn mattress and a bolster. On this bed sleep Mr. and Mrs. Postans and their six children every night.

***Bleeding the bled***

Life under these conditions does not make for health, and it is not surprising that just recently two of the children have been ill. With the consequent expense it was found impossible one week to pay the 28s. demanded by Miss Hume.

Mrs. Postans promised, however, to repay the arrears as soon as possible and the following week offered her landlady the usual rent plus 4s. It was refused.

Miss Hume would have the arrears in full or she would accept nothing at all.

The same thing took place at the end of the next week although again the 4s. extra was offered.

Now, Mr. Postans is a man with ten years' exemplary service in the forces, and at present is employed as a labourer at Bromley at a weekly wage of £2 19s., when the weather is favourable.

They have occupied these rooms since early in September, paying the rent regularly each week.

Another family consisting of five children and their parents rent the two ground-floor rooms. These are furnished on the same scale as those of the Postans.

Being ground-floor rooms they are more expensive, the rent being 32s. 6d. a week.

Apart from a few tattered scraps of linoleum the floor is bare. Along the skirting are rat holes ineffectually stopped with pieces of wood and tins.

On the landing where are the two rooms occupied by the Postans there is another room.

***An attractive bait***

Let us leave Miss Hume to describe it in the words of an advertisement that she inserted in a local paper:

Comfortably furnished large, front double bed-sitting room, bathroom adjoining, sep. meter, large gas cooker, every convenience, children taken. 21s. —41, Carden Road, Peckham Rye.

When Miss Hume lets this "comfortable" room to some poor family she will be drawing four guineas a week from her rooms.

The above is but one example of an evil which is growing in the poorer parts of London. It has been said that the only remedy is legislation to make the rents of rooms vary according to the rents and rates of the house concerned.

The evil of extortionate rents must be dealt with at all speed. It is causing suffering to honest, if poor, families to an extent which is beyond mere words to describe.

# Why They Keep Quiet

## THE ONLY ANSWER

### But "John Bull" Still Works

BECAUSE the great industrial assurance companies have maintained a discreet silence and have not come forward with any statements in refutation of the many grave charges we have levelled against them some members of the public may be inclined to jump to the conclusion that we have been making a song about nothing.

***Companies pay up***

They will be further influenced perhaps by the fact that the Government has expressed the opinion that no intervention is necessary.

Those, however, who have followed our various articles on the industrial assurance ramp and have read of actual cases of victimisation will labour under no such misapprehension.

In nine cases out of ten where we have brought individual cases to the notice of companies they have paid up without question, and in this way we have recovered many thousands of pounds for poor people who would otherwise have lost every penny!

As an instance of the reality of this scandal consider the following case.

In 1907 a reader took out a policy for £50 and continued to pay premiums until he joined the Army in 1916.

After that his mother kept up the payments.

Later this soldier was discharged from the Army as mentally deficient and was sent to Prestwich Asylum.

The £50 and profits on the policy became due to this person in 1922, and because he himself is in an asylum, the company refuses to pay up.

And although the poor old mother, who is eighty-four, has paid £17 towards the upkeep of the policy the company even refuses to pay her a penny!

***Thriving on misfortune***

In the course of its work our Bureau has encountered thousands of similar instances to those just quoted, which probably explains why the great companies remain so silent on the subject:

THOUSANDS of men and women return to crime every year. Prison has no terrors for them; it even has advantages. There is, however, a more successful method of treatment about which our learned contributor confidently writes

# His Majesty's "Hotel"

*by* **A. J. H. M. BRICE, Barrister-at-Law, F.R.G.S.** *(Recorder of Tewkesbury)*

IT is to the interest of every State to reduce its criminal class to a minimum. Imprisonment has never helped to this in the past; or is it helping now.

It is true that for long-sentence offenders ameliorative and reformative measures are now applied in prisons. Yet, for all that, prison remains the best recruiting office for the criminal class.

Nor is this mere theory; actual figures demonstrate it. In the last statistical year, out of 37,000 men received into prison, 23,000 had been there before and many of them a dozen times apiece. Out of 9,000 women who went to jail, over 7,000 were old customers—some of them for the twentieth time.

Many people believe that the very name of prison acts as a deterrent. It does, but only until the offender has become an inmate. A short sojourn behind prison walls destroys all dread of it.

The provision of wholesome, if not exactly appetising, food, the cleanly bed and cell, the regular work in decent "shops," the new rules under which association is permitted and recreation provided hold out an undoubted attraction to a man who has been living from hand to mouth and picking up a meagre livelihood in difficult and always risky ways.

### *The helping hand*

Such a man encounters in prison nothing so devoid of comfort as his ordinary mode of life, and the only thing he has against it is the restraint of his liberty.

And so he comes again and again, and joins the great class of relapsers into crime which is the nightmare of the legislator, and almost the despair of the philanthropist.

While it may be too late to do anything for many old offenders, it is certain that it is not too late to stem the migration towards them—to hold back from the contagion of prison those who are on the threshold of a criminal career; to place them under the individual care of a kindly and experienced counsellor; to hold out to them the helping hand of a big brother; to set them on their feet and keep them standing until they can face the world alone.

And this is probation. This is the probation system which, in an imperfect degree, has been tried for the last fifteen years and has now, by the Criminal Justice Act, been set up throughout the kingdom on a thorough and practicable basis.

Henceforward, no criminal court in the country need send a young offender or, for the matter of that, an old offender who has been trying to make good but has slipped back again to a hopeless, unredemptive prison.

### *New ideas taboo*

For every police-court and every court of quarter sessions and every court of assize will have a probation officer attached to it, willing and capable of befriending the man or the lad entrusted to his care.

Innumerable are the cases where such treatment is precisely the most suitable, and innumerable are the instances when the individual, standing on the brink of a criminal career, has been happily led back into the way of honesty and industry.

Nor do I forget the economic argument which is all powerful with some persons. It is immeasurably cheaper to place young offenders on probation than to send them to prison.

Cheaper at once in pounds, shillings and pence; the probation officer and his paraphernalia cost less than a prison warder and his. Cheaper, too, in the long run, is the rescue of human wreckage which is otherwise destined to be a permanent charge upon the public purse.

Although probation has stood the test of experience and has repeatedly justified the claims which have been made for it, the unwillingness of many minds to accept heartily any new thing has, in the past, worked against its full application.

### *Judicial prejudice*

Even now, with a probation officer attached to every court in the kingdom, there are magistrates, there are Recorders, and there are High Court judges on circuit who are by no means willing to place offenders on probation, and prefer to sentence them to imprisonment rather than give them this new chance to make good.

But, fortunately, this does not apply to every court. Let me take, as an outstanding example, the busy London Sessions. It is administering the new Act with no grudging hand. Indeed, even before the Act, it was applying probation to all cases which seemed to call for it.

The London Sessions, of all the courts in the country, has had the greatest number of probationers on its books. Quite recently there were no fewer than nine hundred of them under the care of the probation officers.

Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., the learned chairman, is enthusiastic as to the results obtained, and I have been able to ascertain what some of those results are.

And I would emphasise the fact that the good work of probation has not been confined to young offenders or first offenders, but that it has favourably reacted on men and women who, but for this method of treatment, would have slipped back into the relapsing class, and be learning nothing and achieving nothing for themselves or for the country within prison walls.

### *Cases that testify*

Let me, then, give a few instances of how probation has been worked at the London Sessions, the biggest court in the country.

Case 1 is a man forty-one years of age. Drink was his chief trouble and the cause of his crime. Well, he was placed on probation and restarted as a hawker. He completed his two years of probation quite satisfactorily and is doing well.

Case 2 is a woman, thirty-four years of age, who was going swiftly down the slippery slope to perdition, when she was singled out for probation. She was helped with a small grant, was ultimately found a situation and throughout her two years' period of probation "she has done splendidly."

Case 3 is another woman who had been convicted several times. Put on probation, she was helped to restart her small trade, and ever since her conduct has been "most satisfactory."

Case 4 is of a man who slipped into crime through great poverty. Placed on probation, he was helped to hire a horse and van to carry on a greengrocer's round. He worked hard and saved bravely until he bought the horse. Unfortunately, that animal died soon after, but by that time he had even saved enough to buy another horse. He has also repaid the money advanced.

Surely, this is a case where probation has not only done what prison could not do, but what prison would have made him incapable of doing.

Surely, too, it may be never too late to mend. Here is case 5—the case of a man who was "an

*Mr. A. J. H. M. Brice*

incorrigible rogue." He also was inveterate in crime, being in his sixties. Yet Sir Robert Wallace, perceiving some elements of hope even in this case, placed him on probation for two years.

### *A national benefit*

The probation officer assisted him to resume his occupation as a hawker and he went through his two years of probation—during which, of course, he had to keep in touch with the probation officer—"most satisfactorily."

And my last case, No. 6, is that of a woman of forty-six years who had begun the descent of crime. She gave signs of being worth saving, and so she was promptly put on probation. What is she doing to-day? She is the housekeeper of a large institution, and giving her employers "complete satisfaction."

But it may be suggested that these are the "plums." I reply that they are not. From this ascertained list of 873 persons placed on probation, only forty-seven up to date have been re-convicted.

And I do not hesitate to say that it seems to me convincing proof that probation not only means salvation to the young offender, but that it can rescue and restore the adult and mature wrongdoer, and at the same time render a national service by diminishing the wasteful and expensive criminal class.

At any rate, as the only alternative route is through prison, it seems to me that probation should be given a chance almost every time.

### *The great endeavour*

I should like to add to this article a note regarding the payment of fines. It is now pretty generally known that an offender may be given time in which to pay his fine—in order, that is, to keep him out of prison.

But there are some absurd rules which are calculated to impair the benefit of this most desirable provision. For instance, if a man does not have a residence within the area of the court before which he appears, many magistrates will not give him time to pay the fine.

This is quite wrong. Our police system can readily trace such a man and keep in touch with him, and the fact that he lives in a town thirty miles away from the police-court at which he is tried should not justify sending him to prison.

The probation system may be expected to exert a salutary educational effect in this as in other penal methods. Magistrates will learn to do almost anything than needlessly send a man to prison. The great object must always be to save the offender from becoming an habitual criminal.

# Can You Defy EXPOSURE *to* WINTRY WEATHER?

Biting winds, rain, fog and snow play havoc with health unless the system is fully protected against winter ailments. Coughs, colds and more serious illnesses quickly result.

Make delicious "Ovaltine" your daily beverage and you will enjoy sure protection against winter ailments. It builds up reserves of strength and vitality in abundance, so that your system is fortified to resist epidemic infections and other illnesses.

The unique properties of "Ovaltine" are not due to one factor alone but to many. The constituents of "Ovaltine"—ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and eggs—are Nature's foods which are richest in nutriment. The method of manufacture—exclusively used for "Ovaltine"—extracts the rich nutriment, concentrates it and renders it easy of digestion and assimilation.

Another important factor which makes "Ovaltine" unique in its health and strength-giving properties is that all the essential food elements are present in scientifically correct proportions. Fats, proteins, carbohydrates, mineral salts, including the necessary vitamins, are presented in accurately adjusted ratio.

Maintain your bodily health and your reserves of vitality by the aid of "Ovaltine" and you can defy exposure to trying weather conditions.

**OVALTINE**
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body**

*Sold in tins at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.*
*The larger sized tins are more economical to purchase.*

**OVALTINE RUSKS**

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.
*1/6 & 2/6 per tin.*

# THE FELL CLUTCH OF FOG

How it takes you by the throat! How it lowers your vitality! Make that a thing of the past. The best fog fighter is

## Schweppes Green Ginger Wine

2/6 PER BOTTLE

DELICIOUS — AND SO WARMING

WILLS

# Pile up the Xmas Fruit Bowl!

Uncles, aunts and cousins—sisters, brothers—old friends and acquaintances—all will foregather round the festive fireside. There'll be songs and merry-making and many a pause for refreshment. From one to the other the fruit dish will pass—piled high with golden Oranges, rosy Apples, luscious Pears, and tempting Grapes. Fresh Fruit!—that's the best of all Xmas fare. Get in a good supply. Fruit assures health and makes for a Happy Christmas.

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For children under 17 years of age.

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Ask any up-to-date Dealer for select one of these fine Records, which have revolutionised Record Value.

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# Candid Communications

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

**To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,**
**10, Downing Street, S.W.**

DEAR PREMIER,—I am gratified by the rumours of your intention to put into legislative shape more stringent measures for dealing with leasehold anomalies. The hardship inflicted upon industry and enterprise by these injustices is beyond man's computation. While I am convinced that nothing short of a thorough overhauling of the system of land tenure will really meet the case, I welcome any sort of measure in the right direction. Do not be put off by the landlords' screaming.

JOHN BULL.

**To the LADY MAYORESS,**
**Mansion House, London.**

DEAR MADAM,—It is a gracious thought of yours to start a Christmas Toy Fund for securing toys for the suffering little ones in our hospitals. I am sure that parents whose own youngsters are well and happy and children themselves in favoured homes will respond to your appeal. Christmas in any home is not worth the name of festival if no thought at all is taken for others. Thank you for the lead you give. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Viscount PEEL, G.B.E.,**
**Grosvenor Street, W.**

DEAR SIR,—You find it "difficult to understand how men can go on manufacturing in this country in face of the tremendous foreign competition, the domestic strikes and other industrial troubles, and the burden of the cost of the war." The fact that commercial enterprise is still alive and flourishing points to something indomitable and unconquerable in the British constitution. I have optimism enough to believe that the same characteristics will before long make us pioneers in the growing determination to rid the world of the burden of international war. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir ALFRED FRIPP, K.C.V.O.,**
**Froth Blower No. 1, 145, Cheapside, E.C.**

DEAR SIR ALFRED,—Just a line of congratulation on the splendid success of "Ye Ancient Order of Froth Blowers," founded by you in the sacred cause of charity. Over £3,000 has already been donated to your "Wee Waifs." In the hope of helping along the good cause, it gives me pleasure to state that full particulars are to be had from the secretary, at the above address. Best of luck to the A.O.F.B. JOHN BULL.

**To Captain HARRISON,**
**O.C., Church Lads' Brigade, Arley.**

DEAR SIR,—When parents protested against the use of khaki uniforms and drill rifles in your local branch of the Church Lads' Brigade, you wrote to the general secretary for guidance. He gave you the option of discarding these emblems of militarism. You laugh at the idea that the brigade drill is in any way a preliminary training for the regular Army. I should feel more sure of this if all war-like trappings were forbidden in every branch. A gun does not look well in the hands of a follower of the Prince of Peace. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir PERCY WOODHOUSE,**
**President, Manchester Chamber of Commerce.**

DEAR SIR,—That we should have a "truce of God" in industry, and prevent industrial war for a number of years, is the aim of yourself and colleagues. You desire to frame a covenant for a League of Industrial Peace on the lines of the League of Nations. You have my hearty support. Nevertheless, when your league is formed we shall experience the same disappointment as confronts us in the working of the League of Nations unless real zeal and passionate intention of unity go hand in hand with activity. It is easy to make a covenant. It needs a great deal of humility and humanity to keep it. JOHN BULL.

**To Lady RATHCREEDAN,**
**Bellehatch Park, Henley-on-Thames.**

MY LADY,—I am pleased to see you tracing the connection between juvenile crime and the lack of playing-fields in the towns. Your enquiries show that there are at least 13,000 youths, in London alone, who would play games if they could, but are debarred for want of space. In denouncing the land monopoly as the root source of this social evil you hit the target. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. C. G. LANGDON, M.A.,**
**St. Matthew's Vicarage, City Road, E.C.**

DEAR SIR,—I am interested in the fact that you have registered yourself as a professional silversmith and turned half of your spacious study into a workshop. This you do to augment your stipend. I admire your independence. Your handiwork will be no drawback to your efforts to help those who must live by their own labours. It may make for understanding between you. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.,**
**Brightside, Sheffield.**

DEAR SIR,—Though you chance to represent a constituency famous for the manufacture of engines of war, you are an unwearied worker in the cause of peace. British voters have more than an average amount of intelligence, and once, as you put it, they realise "the truth about international war and understand the falsehood and hypocrisy upon which it is based," the war-resistance spirit will prevail. Until it does so, civilisation itself is in daily jeopardy. JOHN BULL.

**To Professor J. F. REES,**
**Birmingham University.**

DEAR PROFESSOR,—I am glad to see that you have joined issue with Dean Inge and other Pagan thinkers, who preach the doctrine of race deterioration and the survival of the fittest. Rightly do you hold that it is the duty of all to work for a bright environment. You personally are labouring to abolish the slums in your own town, and if others would talk less and do more the world would be happier and healthier. JOHN BULL.

**To P.-C. EDWARD GORDON,**
**"C" Division, Metropolitan Police Force.**

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that your bravery in stopping a runaway horse in Maddox Street has received practical acknowledgment. You were on the sick list for a long time. The thought of the possible damage to others that was prevented doubtless was some consolation. I hope you will in the future feel no ill-effects. We can't spare fellows like you from the Service. JOHN BULL.

**To Captain W. S. CALDECOTT,**
**Sunderland.**

DEAR SIR,—I praise your seamanship. When the Cunard liner *Andania* reached Plymouth a few days ago the officers were loud in commendation of your resourcefulness and pluck. Your ship, the *Aldworth*, was crippled in the Atlantic gale, but though the *Andania* stood by for thirty hours you refused to abandon your charge. Your sleepless wireless operator, your splendid crew that backed up your efforts, unitedly deserve the gratitude of all who value British pluck at sea.

JOHN BULL.

## Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"A bad Government is like a bad cold; you never know where it comes from."

*Oh, yes! It comes from the voters' apathy and the politicians' humbug.*

• • •

SIR W. MITCHELL-THOMSON:—"We are expanding our telephone business, but we have a very long way to go before we catch up with the others."

*Why not force the pace by giving us a bit cheaper service?*

• • •

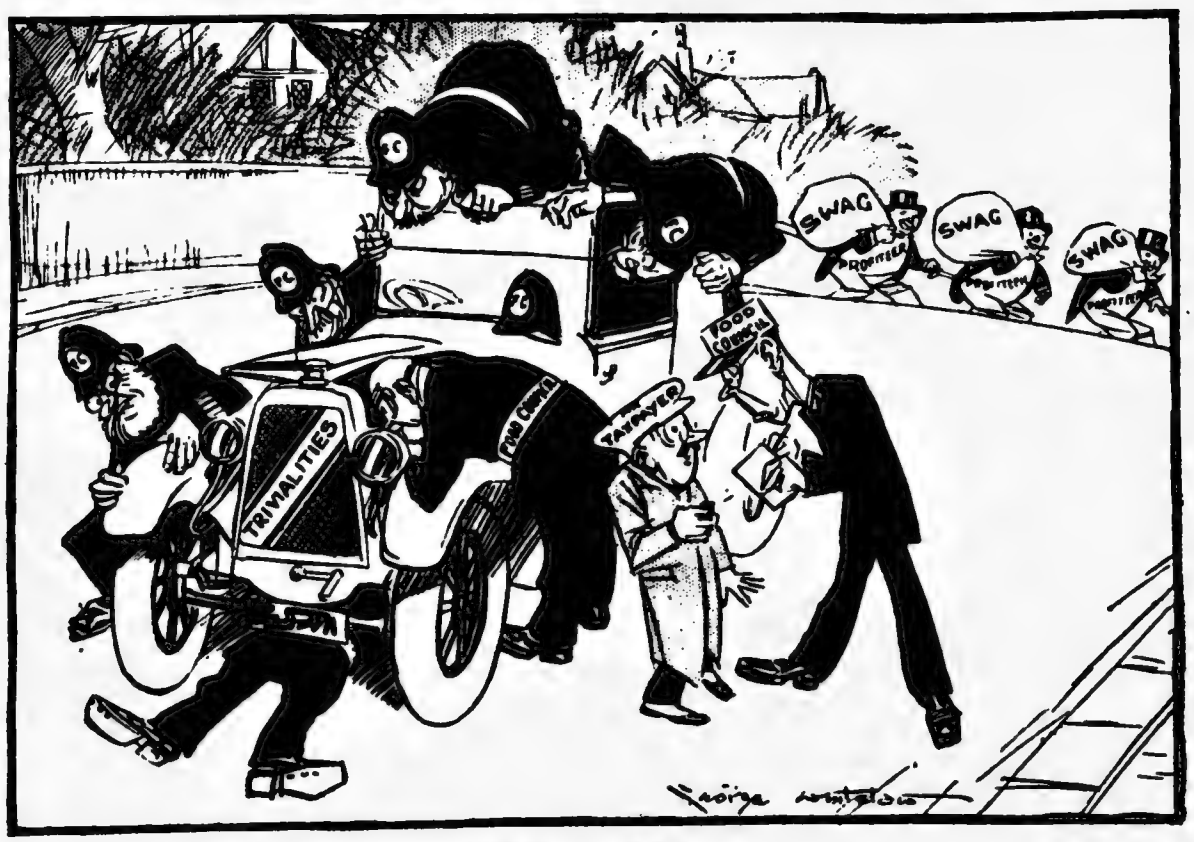
LORD INCHCAPE:—"We have a magnificent power of recovery, but . . . all hands must turn to with a will."

*And the motive power behind all hands must be a much larger measure of good will.*

• • •

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY:—"I have lost faith in good will and brotherhood and all that sort of thing."

*Then you've lost faith in the only thing that sends any man to Parliament or keeps him comfortable in society*

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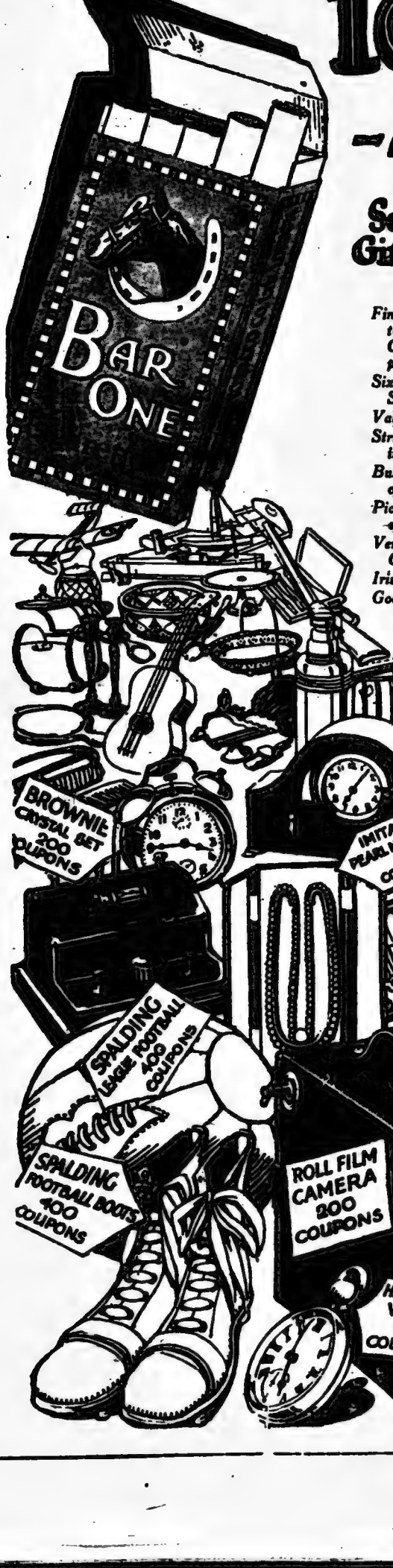
BAR ONE
BROWNIE CRYSTAL SET 200 COUPONS
IMITATION PEARL NECKLACE 100 COUPONS
½ DOZ. TEASPOONS 100 COUPONS
"PEARL" MINCER 150 COUPONS
SPALDING LEAGUE FOOTBALL 400 COUPONS
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HANDSOME WATCH 200 COUPONS
BAR ONE FREE GIFTS
BAR ONE FREE GIFTS

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| | Coupons |
|---|---|
| Finest Imitation Tortoiseshell Brush and Comb (part of complete set) ... ... | 200 |
| Six plated Apostle Spoons in case ... | 100 |
| Valet AutoStrop Set | 100 |
| String of Imit. Pearls in case ... ... | 100 |
| Butter Knife, Mother of Pearl handle ... | 50 |
| Pickle Fork, Mother of Pearl handle ... | 50 |
| Very Fine Rolled Gold Cuff Links... ... | 50 |
| Iris Bead Necklet ... | 50 |
| Good Pocket Knife ... | 50 |

Are you a "Bar One" smoker yet? Have you joined the satisfied millions who will smoke nothing else? Never before was such remarkable value offered in a 10 for 4d. cigarette.

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*Start to-day smoking*

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PLEASE SEND ME THE FREE GIFTS BOOK.

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J.B.

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Send in unsealed envelope ½d. stamped.

*Without Fear or Favour—* *—by the Editor*

# ALL BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

## A New Parliament

IT is a good sign when trade union leaders stop shouting and begin to think.

The most striking contribution to constructive industrial policy which has been made for some time comes from Mr. C. T. Cramp, Industrial Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen. Condemning the general strike as a piece of suicidal folly, Mr. Cramp proceeds to enquire whether there is any alternative to the unending civil war between Capital and Labour.

With a touch of fearless imagination he proposes the establishment of a supplemental Parliament, of a permanent industrial legislature, empowered to deal with all questions affecting British wage-earners.

Like most new ideas this proposal will no doubt raise a storm of criticism, but it calls for sympathetic consideration by all who want to see national industry set on its feet again, after the tragic set-back of the last six months.

After all, names do not much matter, and if the word "Parliament" be objected to, another can be found. The one thing essential is that arbitration, in one form or another, should be substituted for war as the means of settling industrial disputes.

Otherwise, there is no prospect before us but progressive ruin.

Happily there are signs that the lesson of last May has been learned. At a terrible cost it is true, but all the more surely for that, the mass of trade unionists have learned the folly of supposing that peace and prosperity can be won by levying war on the nation.

## Spilling the Beans

THE leading missionaries in China have declared themselves strongly against the presence of armed forces for their protection. If conflict breaks out in their immediate vicinity these men and women will adopt an attitude of non-resistance.

Should their lives and property be in danger, they will rely upon spiritual forces exactly as they teach in days of tranquillity.

For those who stand before the world self-confessed servants of the Prince of Peace there is no other logical standpoint. The only amazing thing is to find any minister of the Christian religion who thinks and acts differently.

But there is more than mysticism and sentiment behind the declaration of these men and women in China. They have come to "regard armed forces as more of a menace than a safeguard."

That, in a nutshell, is the whole of the argument for the calling into being of the League of Nations, and the speeding up of the process of disarmament.

The missionaries have given the show away. Where there are guns there is danger. Bursting bombs do not discriminate. Clouds of poison gas make no choice of their mark.

This message from China is God's own truth. Do away with armed forces. They are more of a menace than a safeguard.

## THE RED-HERRING TRAIL

***PLEDGED to fight vested interests the Government has capitulated to one after the other. The Government's apathy is the profiteer's opportunity, and he is not slow to make use of it***

IF we say that we have never been greatly enamoured of the Food Council, that is not to infer that we do not think this body could even now be made into a useful thing and perform an extremely important function in our national life.

What we have always maintained, however, is that the Food Council was a delightful red herring trailed across the path of the electorate, a mere dummy erected to stop the voter getting too excited about food prices, and a convenient reply ready to the hand of any Minister who might be asked what the Government was doing about the scandalously high price of food.

It was so easy for any rude questioner to be told: "What are we doing? Why, have we not set up a Food Council of experts with Lord Bradbury at its head? What more could we have done?"

It was equally open, of course, for the rude questioner to retort: "It is true you have established a Food Council, but you have refused to give it any power whatever, and therefore what good do you think it is going to do?"

And it is strange how little attention has been given in the House of Commons to this all-important omission. It is true the matter was raised the other day when the President of the Board of Trade was asked if he proposed to give any further powers to the Food Council. "Further," of course, was good, seeing that they have not any powers that matter as it is.

In any case the off-hand reply was that it was not proposed to give the Food Council any powers, and therefore it will go maundering on its way as ineffective and as useless as it has always been.

THE one thing about which this Government does not seem to care the toss of a button is profiteering. And yet this was the Government that was going to "hew a path through the jungle of vested interests which were blocking the way to social reform"!

Take the question of coal. The coal stoppage has fizzled out and the sidings are choked with coal. At one northern colliery the men have only been able to work three days a week because of the insufficiency of trucks into which to load the coal for hewage. These trucks are held up on railway sidings already full of coal that no one will buy because of the exorbitant price being asked for it by the coal merchants.

It would have been perfectly easy for the Government to have stated what it considered to be a fair retail price for coal. But it did nothing at all when tackled on the subject in the House of Commons.

All Colonel Lane-Fox, the Minister of Mines, had to say was that if the public thought the price of coal was too high then the public had better not buy coal until the price came down to a more reasonable level.

We suppose that if the Government was told that the price of bread was too high it would bluntly reply that the best thing for the public to do is not to buy any more bread until the price comes down to a reasonable level.

INDEED, so helpless is this Government before any real problem that it would not surprise us were Mr. Baldwin to say, when told the price of everything was extortionately high, that the people had better stop buying anything at all until the shopkeepers and the manufacturers decide to sell their goods and their food and their clothing at a more reasonable price.

It is perfectly true, of course, that a public boycott is the most effective weapon that can be employed against the profiteer, but in winter coal is a necessity just as, winter or summer alike, food and drink are necessities, and it is not always possible for the public to employ an effective weapon of this sort.

Colonel Lane-Fox's reply was a tacit admission that profiteering in coal is going on, and we consider, in view of that admission, that it is the bounden duty of the Government to intervene in no uncertain manner

*Lord Bradbury, Chairman of the Food Council. He and his colleagues have done a considerable amount of useful work under the severe handicap of being denied any power that counts. The profiteers laugh and wax fat because Lord Bradbury's work is rendered futile by the Government's cowardice*

## Education's Enemies

WE are concerned to demand that strong measures be taken to put a stop to the orgies of outlawry indulged in by college undergraduates of the wealthier classes.

One hundred and twenty such "young gentlemen" from Oxford returning from inter-'Varsity races at Cambridge celebrated the occasion by wrecking the carriages of the train in which they travelled.

Windows were smashed by beer bottles, bottles were thrown out on to the line, lamp-glasses crashed to atoms, and luggage-racks were broken into smithereens and chucked out on to the line and doors were also broken.

Apparently the proctors were informed, for they were waiting on the home station to receive their charges. If these fellows had been sons of Dick, Tom and Harry, it would not have been college officials but police officers who would have been waiting to receive them.

So, too, on Boat Race nights in London. We heartily protest against the hooliganism that makes entertainment at the theatres that evening an impossibility for decent folk, and not less against the mischievous partisanship that keeps the offenders out of prison.

We are consistent advocates of education for the common people. We believe that the only dangerous democracy is an ignorant one. We firmly believe in a one-standard education, a progressive ladder right up to the university for all able to profit by it, and technical schools for those whose talents lie in the direction of skilled crafts.

Educating the coming generation is putting by money for a rainy day. It is the country's soundest investment. But education that does not form character is a failure, and so is education that does not teach citizenship and social responsibility. These undergraduates of Oxford have shown neither.

# A Huge State Swindle

by A. G. GARDINER

***HAS British statesmanship sunk so low that it can ignore the claims of justice and its own plighted word? An affirmative answer only can be given when we consider the case of the civilian war victims***

*The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.*

I HAVE been reading a correspondence between the Prime Minister and a body representing the Civilian War Sufferers, and at the end I am left helplessly asking myself this question: Why is it that Mr. Baldwin, as the chief trustee of the interests of a great nation, can adopt a policy which Mr. Baldwin as a private citizen would perish rather than pursue?

In other words, why is the public honour of this country held to be something infinitely and shamelessly below any standard of private honour that could be practised or tolerated?

Memories are notoriously short, but they are not so short as to have forgotten the war, or those terrifying experiences when our coast towns were bombarded from the sea and when our inland towns were raided from the air.

Nor have we forgotten the almost daily toll levied by the submarines at sea on that wonderful merchant service without whose heroism this country would have been starved.

### *The solemn assurance*

We did not doubt that the victims who had suffered in life and property would not be expected to pay for their misfortunes. When we had won the war their compensation would be the first charge on the defeated enemy.

If there could have been any doubt on this elementary point, it was disposed of during the peace negotiations at Versailles. In reply to a deputation representing the mercantile marine, Mr. Lloyd George, referring to the civilian losses, said, "The German must pay for this, *and he must pay this as the first claim. This must come before mere indemnity for war expenses.*"

That was the engagement made formally and solemnly in the name of the British Government to the 60,000 sufferers who, at the invitation—nay, by the compulsion—of the Government from 1916 onwards had presented their claims for collection by the Government itself. Those claims it is estimated, totalled £44,000,000.

### *A disgraceful decision*

But that solemn engagement does not rest on the word even of the Prime Minister. It was incorporated in the Treaty of Versailles. Art. 232 of that instrument provides that "Germany undertakes that she will make compensation for all damage done to the civilian population and to their property by aggression on land, on the sea or from the air." That Treaty and that engagement were ratified by the British Parliament in January, 1920.

How has that undertaking been carried out? It has been dishonoured, cancelled, repudiated. Within six months the British Treasury, through Sir Austen Chamberlain, decided, not only that the claimants represented not the first charge on reparations, but that they had no legal claim.

They decided that Art. 232 embodied the claim of the community, not of individuals. They took the reparations, but they disavowed all liability to the victims.

They agreed as a sort of act of clemency to advance £5,000,000 against reparations to be collected from Germany, and with that sum to wipe out all private claims.

Even that shameless repudiation was not honoured. In three years only £66,000 was wrung from the Royal Commission appointed to settle with the creditors, and the £5,000,000 was not forthcoming until Germany had paid more than £5,000,000 in reparations. Of that £5,000,000 a trifle of £400,000 has gone to extinguish all claims for damage from the air raids.

It is scarcely possible to give any adequate conception of this unprecedented betrayal.

### *A blot on humanity*

A woman at Hull whose husband was killed, whose home, valued at £300, was destroyed and who was herself injured, received £28; a man at Hornsey, totally paralysed by a bomb, received £6; a woman at Sunderland, rendered a widow by an air raid, herself injured and left with two children, received £14—and so on, to the extent of hundreds and thousands of cases.

Why, the courts will award you £1,000 for the loss of a leg!

I will take one case as an illustration. An old couple at Sudbury, by the laborious saving of a lifetime, had bought two houses, on the proceeds of which they lived. One night a bomb fell on the houses and left them in ruins. They made their claim and being penniless went into the workhouse to await compensation.

They never received a penny. They died in the workhouse, were buried as paupers, and the ruins of their cottages still stand as a witness to the cruellest breach of faith and trust in our annals.

Remember, there is no plea of lack of funds. Germany is paying her debt. She is paying it at the rate of a million a month. She is paying it for the specific relief of the victims of the raids.

And it is being diverted from these victims to other purposes—building houses, cruisers, Singapore bases, providing coal subsidies, even relieving the French taxpayer. For we have concluded an agreement by which the French debt to us is diminished in proportion to the reparations we receive from Germany.

Is this iniquity to stand? It would not have stood a day but for one fact. The victims do not command votes. They cannot unseat a member. They cannot dethrone a Government.

### *Tribunal that must function*

But has British statesmanship sunk to this that it can ignore the justice of things and its own plighted word because people are weak?

What is the plain fact that emerges from this correspondence? It is that Mr. Baldwin, like his predecessors, refuses to let this scandal be discovered or examined. He puts what amounts to a decision of Treasury officials above justice and above enquiry.

That wrong of 1920 must stand though the heavens fall. He refuses a Committee of Enquiry. He refuses to receive a deputation. A memorial signed by over 200 Members of Parliament, endorsed by nearly all the great municipal authorities of the country, has implored him to grant a hearing to the victims of the betrayal. A curt "No" is the only response.

And Mr. Lloyd George, who gave the undertaking that has been so grossly outraged, is silent. There are no votes in this business. There is only justice, there is only honour.

There remains only public opinion. That is the tribunal to which I appeal here. Let the tribunal insist on one thing—enquiry. Let the victims be heard, their case stated, their claims examined. That commits us to nothing except justice. The British public is entitled to nothing less, and asks for nothing more.

# A Society

***We pay heavily enough for our National Services. By what right do interfering societies seek to take the matter in hand?***

ALL of us who happen, for one reason or another, to find our names in current books of reference are accustomed to receive circulars and appeals inviting us to subscribe to some league or other. Indeed, judging from the money spent in postage and stationery, the promotion of enterprises of this kind must be a lucrative business, for they come by nearly every post.

*The Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison*

I always wonder who the people are who find the money, for there must be such people. Great, however, is the force of the appeal to notoriety.

Some time ago one of these parties, by some oversight, happened to enclose a balance-sheet in the appeal I received and it showed that about £1,100 had been spent in salaries and expenses, and £47 only in the active promotion of what appeared to be the association's prime objects.

There were three more league circulars in one post the other day, and one of them deserves special mention.

It is in the form of a letter from Mr. Douglas G. H. Gordon, O.B.E., in which he seeks to make your flesh creep by the recital of a number of items which all constitute urgent reasons why you should send your money to support a body which has assumed the high-sounding title of "The Air League of the British Empire."

By sending £50 you can become a patron; twenty guineas will secure you the title of fellow—for life, mind you—whilst half that sum will suffice for ordinary membership.

THERE is then a descending scale of annual contributions down to a modest 5s., by which our brother in the Dominions may describe himself as an "Overseas associate member."

The whole thing is designed to enrol both the duke and the dustman, and a stamped, addressed envelope, a metal badge and a banker's order are enclosed to make it easy.

There is an executive committee, of which a

# The Ogre's Acre

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

***WHY, after twenty years of medical inspection and treatment of school children, are there not more obvious signs of improvement in the children's health? Perhaps the slum landlords could supply the correct answer***

IF any justification were needed for a continuous and unrelenting attack on the slums of Britain, and an unceasing demand that the scandalous system of landlordism that is responsible for these slums should be broken and scrapped, it is to be found in the recently published Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education.

"Year by year," he says, "there is a steady and undiminishing stream of defect and physical impairment of the entrants coming into the schools at five years of age, and there is also a steady burden of disease in older children, apparently never lessening, which requires medical or surgical treatment."

This is an extraordinarily grave state of affairs, and one that cries aloud to heaven for redress. No nation could possibly contemplate with equanimity the fact that at all school ages there is something like 26 per cent. of its children sufficiently abnormal to require medical treatment, particularly when even this alarming figure excludes altogether such things as dental disease, uncleanliness and mental disorders.

### *An indelible stain*

It is both serious and alarming, not only because the diseases from which these children suffer interfere seriously with their educational progress, but far more so because in the majority of cases the ailing child is merely laying the foundations for serious disease in adolescent and adult life.

"The children coming to school to-day in their fifth year," we are told, "are in the main the offspring of six generations of town dwellers. They bear in their bodies the indelible mark of the race from which they spring."

That is a terrible phrase—"the indelible mark of the race from which they spring." How can we possibly rear a healthy nation which has been born in slums, ill-fed and ill-nourished from the start, denied even the ordinary amenities of home surroundings, reared in an airless and sunless environment which sows the seeds of disease at birth, and, if the child does not die before the age of fifteen, leaves it weak and impaired, a helpless drag on industry?

There are other alarming facts of which every right-minded citizen should be cognisant. It is a matter for the most intense alarm to be told that there are 33,000 children in England and Wales returned as mentally defective, and some 200,000 more as exceptionally dull and backward.

### *Alarming figures*

No wonder we are informed further that the nation is not only losing every year by misdirection of money expended on the education of these children, it is losing still more heavily by their subsequent incapacity in industry or by their delinquency.

It should also make every thinking man and woman *think* to learn that in 1925 we lost 94,669 children before they reached fifteen years of age, of which the colossal number of 81,080 died before they reached the age of five years. And this is not taking into account 24,000 stillbirths.

It is true that there has been a very great improvement over the last few years, for in 1921 112,906 children under fifteen years of age died, while if we go back to 1900 we find that the nation lost no fewer than 142,912 infants under one year of age.

But while there is undoubtedly a vast improvement, the loss of child-life to the nation is serious in the extreme, and the majority of these deaths can be laid straight at the door of those who perpetuate our reeking slums.

Sooner or later we shall realise the suicidal folly of spending millions a year on attempts to remedy the results of this evil system instead of tackling the cause of all this disease and death at its source, and preventing instead of tinkering with cures.

No matter from what aspect you look at the social life of this country you are driven sooner or later to consider the iniquitous land laws that prevent that social life being the healthy breeding-ground of a healthy and sturdy race.

*Lord Eustace Percy, Minister of Education*

Is it any wonder that there is a housing shortage when land through which new roads have been driven has risen in price in one case from £35 to £300 per acre, and in another case it has gone up in value to the extent of £900 per acre?

### *A dubious title*

For the community does not get one penny of this increased value; it goes into the pockets of those who have done nothing to create it, and whose only title to its receipt is the very dubious title of "ownership" of the land which the labour of others has rendered valuable.

And it is all the more serious when, as in these cases, the enhanced value of the land is the result of the expenditure of public money.

Our children are branded with "the indelible mark of the race from which they spring" because their parents, who have the power of the vote, assist in the silly delusion that God has chosen a few men and given them the monopoly of the land of England and all that lies therein: because these parents are more concerned with the gaining of an extra twopence a week on their wages than with the uprooting of these arrogant Land Lords who are denying them and their children access to the source of all wages, all production, and of life itself.

We spend millions of money in treating disease, and there is no doubt that the nation gets full value for every penny that is spent on its school medical services, its welfare centres and its clinics.

### *The crippling cancer*

We should do a great deal better if we were to spend a little thought and a little energy on the prevention of all this quite unnecessary disease and misery by pinning our politicians down to the things that matter whenever they stand before us and solicit our votes; by refusing to listen to their blether about things that do not matter and which they trot out merely to prevent us getting agitated about vested interests that are slowly strangling the nation's life.

The children with whom this report deals are in the main the children of our elementary schools, and the children of our elementary schools are in the main drawn from the slums of our great cities and—a thing that is all too often forgotten—the slums of our villages.

Surely, such a clear case of cause and effect should be apparent to anyone with even a modicum of brains with which to think.

Whither are we going? Unless we very speedily tackle the cancer of the slums we are going, as fast as disease can take us, to a third-rate position in the commonwealth of nations.

# eave Alone

by the Rt. Hon. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON, M.D., F.R.C.S.

Mr. Philip S. Foster is chairman, and the appeal obtains an acceptable flavour by the inclusion of the Duke of Sutherland as president.

A certain surprise is inevitable when you discover the objects of this league, for practically all of them are the business of the Government.

IT is to secure the maintenance of an Air Ministry, pending the establishment of a Ministry of Defence, the maintenance of adequate Air Forces and such like. Nevertheless, Sir E. Bartley-Denniss, K.C., the treasurer, as well as the tax-collector, will be glad to receive your cash.

The thing that perplexes me—seeing that we all pay pretty well for the maintenance of Government and National Services—is why should we send £50 or any smaller sum to these people?

What reason is there to think that Mr. Gordon or Mr. Foster is specially qualified to serve us or would do any better than, say, the Air Ministry?

Towards the end of the letter a "Special Propaganda Fund" is referred to. I have no doubt, of course, that a fair quota of the sums subscribed will go in the active promotion of the objects of the league.

If it had been proposed that a part of the income, at least, was to be devoted to the creation of such public opinion in, say, Britain, France and the United States, as well as Germany, as would compel the Governments of these countries to insist on the prohibition of gas-bombs and other abominations there might have been something in it to appeal to sane people.

On the contrary, we are encouraged to look forward to another campaign on the lines of the "We want eight, and we won't wait" of twenty years ago; only this time it will be for more carriers of cyanide or lachrymatory bombs.

MOREOVER, when we have received the exhortations which Mr. Gordon addresses to us, it appears that there are already two well-supported bodies that concern themselves with aerial questions—so why support a third?

As a matter of fact, the whole thing is a stunt-promoting business run by a number of people who may be worthy persons; but when the nation wants them to do its work it will no doubt select them in the ordinary way.

In the meantime, it is surely an impertinence to ask the public to send contributions to them on what is little better than a basis of cheap notoriety.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

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**Don't be rheumatic—keep the kidneys healthy.**

DAMP AND COLD cause strain to the kidneys and lead to rheumatic troubles. That is why the kidneys need help in winter time; and why an occasional course of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills is recommended. Keep the kidneys healthy, and they will keep the blood free from excess uric acid and other harmful impurities. Then, you will have no cause to fear kidney backache, urinary disorders, lumbago, sciatica and rheumatism. Make Doan's your safeguard: they will not fail.

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On 18th September, 1923, Mr. J. Carvill, 122, Torriano Avenue, N.W.5, said: "A few years back I suffered a good deal with kidney troubles and rheumatism. The pains across the small of my back and in my limbs were simply terrible. At times I was almost helpless; I couldn't stoop or lift anything. The action of the bladder was restricted and caused scalding pain.

"But I soon got better when I started with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They rid me of the rheumatism, and made me healthy."

On 16th September, 1926, Mr. Carvill said: "Though eighty I keep wonderfully well, thanks to Doan's Pills.

(Signed) J. CARVILL."

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*IT is a good thing for humanity that Christianity is bigger than all the Churches combined, and that its Founder is not confined to theological puerilities and the ridiculous monstrosities of any clownish cleric*

# PARSONS WHO ROB GOD!

**by The Rev. FRANK L. JENNINGS, B.Litt.** *(Author of "In London's Shadows")*

THERE are parsons who daily rob God! They belong to all creeds and all Churches. They rob Him of peace and joy and satisfaction. They wound His spirit of goodness and tear His heart of love. They go about the world proclaiming that God is the greatest kill-joy in creation, the biggest spoil-sport under the sun. They advertise Him to be morose and savage and suspicious and sad.

Judging by their clumsy acts and ridiculous assertions, He set the universe in motion long centuries ago and ever since has found a fiendish delight in finding fault with the work of His hands. If the world had to accept the portraiture of God as presented by some parsons, it would be justified in having nothing to do with Him.

***The farcical "call"***

As seen by the strange and freakish caricatures of Him that are exhibited by many of our Churches, caricatures of the goody-goody, bon-bon variety, God is very hang-dog, sullen-hearted and savagely inclined.

The way to please Him, according to some dog-collared gentlemen, is to learn the Catechism, repeat the creeds and be unwearied in hanging round church doors.

In all reverence I say it—I oftentimes feel sorry for God. To be compelled to tolerate the many freaks who trade under the name of religion, freaks who occasion much cynicism and contempt of a glorious cause, is rather rough.

Amongst His greatest enemies are those who say they have a "call" to preach and minister the various sacraments of the Christian Church. By word, act and profession of life, they show themselves so incompetent for their holy task that they let God down with a bump.

I am certain as of to-morrow's dawn that God, the great Architect of Life, a kindly, all-compassionate, invigorating God, is frequently compelled to stay His hand in well-doing and say, "I am wounded in the house of my friends!"

There is no doubt about it that dozens of parsons who stress the fact of their divine "call" actually mean their "call" to a comfortable living and a sheltered existence.

***A terrible crime***

And although their influential friends will see to it that they get both, the truth is there for all to see that they were never divinely called to dabble in holy things at all.

Parsons who rob God! Churches which foster the spirit of the Old Boy rather than the Christ of Love! Religious services—so-called—which are a combination of maudlin hymns, stereotyped statements, dreary repetitions and hoary ritual!

There was the case the other day of a country parson who seemed to have stepped straight out of the "Doomsday Book" into the twentieth century. Unfortunately, he appears to have brought the inquisitorial methods with him.

It happened that three or four god-fearing souls in that village thoughtfully invited a travelling preacher to conduct a cottage service

*The Rev. Frank L. Jennings*

in a humble dwelling. They evidently felt that they could joyfully sing "Is there room for Mary there?" to the praise and glory of God in a cottage as well as they could hymn "On the Resurrection morning" in the neighbouring church.

But the clerical despot of the village heard about it and waxed wroth. "Gadzooks!" he quoth in effect, "what the blazes are we coming to? So, my pretties, you dare to insult me by endeavouring to worship God in your households."

***The deadliest crime***

Whereupon he [illegible] himself to the village school and acquainted the astonished kiddies with news of the tragic act of infamy that had been perpetrated. Then he got down to pen and paper and informed the zealous cottage worshippers that they had committed an act of schism and sinned against the Holy Ghost.

There you get an illustration of that damnable thing called clericalism. It is one of the deadliest enemies that all men of good will and generous sympathies have to fight.

It is the most cowardly foe of Christianity, cowardly because it seeks to establish its will upon people who are not in a position to combat it, cowardly because it nails its theses on a church door or thunders them from a pulpit, and having done so, sulkily slinks back to its sheltered den.

You see the attitude in this—God is a big friend of these high-handed bigots. Indeed, He is their God and no one else's. He belongs to their Church.

So that being their God, no one else has a claim on Him. Theirs is the true Church, the perfect Church, the one and only Church. They are the Lord's duly appointed.

***Too many bells***

Hence, how dare these little schismatic, dissenting whipper-snappers hold a so-called religious service outside the Church! How dare they use a wheezy, enfeebled harmonium when there are beautiful organs blessed by ecclesiastical superiors!

And the Evangelistic "Red Book" too, and not the "Ancient and Modern"! Such blasphemy! They don't know that they are imperilling their immortal souls and placing themselves in danger of hell-fire!

Well, I am not interested in the geography of this township of hell. My complaint is that it doesn't keep to its one location. Each section of the Church and each school of theology appears to have one of its own.

My own idea of hell is this—that it is that state or environment where there is no harmony, where evil reigns and injustice is rampant, where families are herded together in conditions not fit for cattle, where children are deprived of light and air and comfort, where there is envy, malice and all uncharitableness, where there is a spirit of tyrannical oppression and an attitude of religious bigotry.

Hell is where God is not, and seriously and regretfully I say it, I am bound to wonder sometimes whether certain dog-collared gentlemen are really heralds of light and love.

Emphatically and sorrowfully I repeat my charge—There are parsons who daily rob God. They rob Him of beauty and consideration and open-heartedness and tenderness. They rob Him of His will to do good, of His spirit of tolerance and sympathy.

Instead of presenting Him as the Divine Parent, interested in all the various concerns of His children, they tie Him up in clerical creeds, dreary catechisms and age-old items of confirmation and Communion.

***The list of missing***

God is not a sectarian bigot like some of His professing disciples. He is just the God and Father of all those who are willing to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly before Him, Church or no Church.

And if I manage to reach the glory-land, I shall expect to find those zealous-hearted souls of the humble cottage, and also on the list of missing the name of the high-handed cleric who cheekily dared to take away their Lord.


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"I know all about the extra work and I know it can't be avoided. But it *can be helped* and I've found just the very thing to do it. Something that helps everybody. Now guess—it's quite easy—*Wincarnis*. I bought a bottle to-day. You're going to have your first glass now, before supper, and another at bedtime to make you sleep.

"Wincarnis helped mother over last winter, and she wouldn't be without it in the house for anything and the doctor says he takes it himself, so it *must be good*. And it's nice too, really Christmassy."

## *A Doctor Writes:*

*London. 13th August, 1926.*

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(Signed)————M.B., B.Ch.

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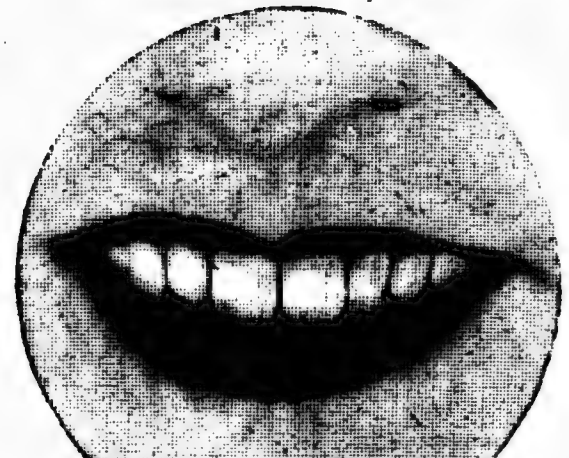

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*Put one on your "gift" list.*

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# COLOSSAL COTTON SCANDAL

## RECEIVER'S STINGING COMMENTS

### Shareholders' Pathetic Letters

WE are not satisfied that all has been done that might have been done to clear up the scandal of the great Lancashire cotton mills fiasco, which from time to time during the last few years has had an echo in the courts.

Millions of pounds, mostly representing the savings of working-class folk who invested their all in various mills, have apparently been irretrievably lost.

The feelings of the victims are not likely to be soothed by the statements made the other day by the Official Receiver and which have not received the prominence they ought to have had in the Press.

***A stinging indictment***

Sir William Hopwood, one of the promoters in the reflotation schemes which proved so disastrous for the cotton operative investors, and who was adjudged bankrupt in 1924, applied for his discharge.

The Official Receiver successfully opposed that discharge, and his report is a stinging indictment, not so much of Sir William Hopwood, as of the methods employed to saddle the public with cotton shares at swollen valuations.

Special enquiries, he said, had been made into a series of transactions, where the procedure was the purchase of certain mills by Sir John Leigh, which were resold to the debtor, Sir William Hopwood, at a greatly enhanced profit, and were then refloated by Sir William and others, who received as their profits certain fixed promotion fees apart from any profits on the allotment of shares to them and the resale of shares at a premium.

The mills referred to were eight in number. They were reconstructed between October 15, 1919, and August 20, 1920.

***Reprehensible practice***

He submitted that the debtor was too closely interested in profits to make him a critical buyer from Sir John Leigh and that, consequently, the prices paid to Sir John Leigh were excessive.

The old shareholders received £2,186,877, showing a profit to them of £1,627,835. The profit made by Sir John Leigh was £927,526, and Sir William Hopwood received in fixed promotion fees £68,333.

A "reprehensible practice" appears to have prevailed, not only in connection with these particular companies, but in other companies in which Sir William Hopwood was not concerned, to pay the old directors lump sums varying from £1,000 to £2,000 as compensation for loss of office, whereas in some cases, there was no such loss.

In fairness to Sir William Hopwood, it was clear that he supported the mills, not only by subscribing heavily himself, but by advancing loans and by guaranteeing the bank overdrafts.

The Official Receiver's strongest criticism referred to the Leigh Waste Company. No real independent investigations, he said, appear to have been made by the promoters into its past dealings and profits.

***A hidden item***

It was estimated that the profits had been considerable and the opportunity for investigation had been offered by the vendor company.

*The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, K.B.E., M.P., President of the Board of Trade, who shou'd be moved to action by the strong comments of the Official Receiver*

The promoters had stated that they were acquiring the shares at par, the share capital being £500,000, but it afterwards transpired that the new company had to pay an additional £196,690 for the stock.

No disclosure was made in any documents that the purchase price included an item of £100,000 for goodwill.

Altogether the shareholders of this one company had lost £500,000 and were liable to pay the new capital of £500,000. The result had been "most disastrous for the shareholders as many of them were persons of comparatively small means and in many cases receiving orders were made against them."

***Untold suffering***

The whole scheme appeared to have been "a very ingenious method of transferring the ownership of the mills," and he could without difficulty criticise the method adopted generally in the purchase and reflotation of cotton companies in the boom years of 1919–20, especially in the practice of initiating new companies with shares on which a very small amount only was called up.

This practice, it was added, had led to untold suffering in the Palatine County.

Some instances of that "untold suffering" which have come to our notice poignantly illustrate the Official Receiver's matter-of-fact comments.

"I am eighty-two years of age," writes one impoverished victim, who is now being pressed to meet calls on the cotton shares which he purchased so optimistically, "and my only income is 10s. a week, my old-age pension.

"I began work in the cotton mill when I was eight years old and I worked until I was eighty. All the time I was working my wage was never more than £2 10s. a week, yet in these seventy-two years I managed to save £1,050. I put my £1,050 in John Leigh's companies, *and now I owe £2,400 in calls!*"

***Pathetic letters***

No less pathetic is the following letter from a Heywood man which speaks for itself:

"I am taking the liberty of writing you in reference to the Leigh Waste Co., Ltd., Oldham, in which I am heavily involved and have been unable to pay the calls due owing to the depressed state of trade and short-time working.

"I have been asked by the Receiver to furnish him with a sworn affidavit of the whole of my assets and liabilities so that he could then deal with the case.

"I have not yet been able to do this, as the worry and agony I have suffered has caused me to suffer severe nervous strain and sleepless nights. I have been driven to end the trouble by self-destruction, but have been prevented on one or two attempts.

"The mills, I understand, are all closed and are still unsold, and I should be very pleased if you could give me any information as to what is being done for poor shareholders who have been *deceived by reports and statements which have been given.*"

Or this from an old Atherton woman, who with her husband is being pressed to meet calls:

"In case we try to pay how shall we fare? Supposing we paid what money we could and then it was found out that this was unnecessary? How should we go on over the money we had paid?

"My husband is seventy-two years old next birthday and is suffering from cardiac debility. He hasn't worked a day for the last ten years and yet they send such papers as these."

"I am unable to meet calls," says an old Bolton operator now threatened with the workhouse, "without being left destitute in a short time. I am seventy-three years of age and my wife is sixty-eight.

"It is appalling, after a long life of toil, to have nothing to look forward to except to be cooped up with the idle and improvident for the rest of our lives."

***What of the victims?***

In calling attention to the "untold suffering" in the Palatine County, the Official Receiver remarked that the question was one of "public policy to be dealt with possibly by legislation."

That is all very well, but, meanwhile what of the victims?

"JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT TO YOU
*See page 2.*

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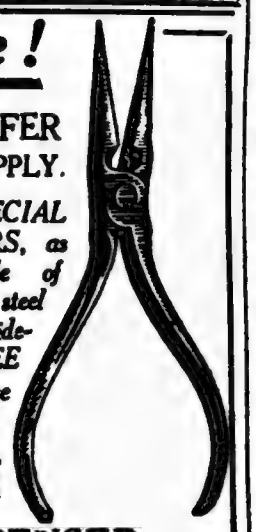

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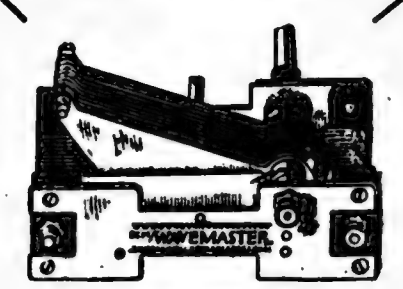


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*In Sunshine Ward*

*by PHILIP INMAN*

*WHO can describe the love of a mother for her child? Alas! too often it is not fully recognised; but when after neglect the knowledge of its depth returns the feeling of remorse is great indeed*

# THE SON WHO FORGOT

IN No. 17 bed of the Princess Royal Ward lies a sweet-faced, grey-haired woman. She has had one operation and she is regaining her strength before she undergoes a second. She has been a patient for over a month, and every visiting-day she is surrounded by a good many of her friends.

She is one of those kindly souls who inspire friendship. Not even suffering the most terrible has destroyed her winsome and attractive personality.

The sister of the ward, when she speaks of her, invariably finishes by saying, "She's such a dear." And that is the opinion of everybody in the hospital. Such is Mrs. Styles, or to call her by her official title, No. 17 Princess Royal Ward.

To-day it has been visiting-day, and as I went my rounds I turned instinctively to this woman. It almost seemed as if the corner of her ward had become transformed into a fruit and flower emporium.

I picked up a bunch of chrysanthemums. "They're beautiful, aren't they?" she said. "One of my neighbours brought them to me," and then she whispered, "Do you think No. 13 would like them? She's had nobody to see her to-day."

### *A mother's pride*

I intended to stay by her bedside for just a minute, but when I came away I found I had been there over an hour. It was all through a photograph. I saw that she had arranged some of her presents on the bed-table, but that occupying pride of place was a portrait of a striking young fellow of about thirty.

Eventually she picked that photograph up and said quietly, "He's not been to see me to-day, so I have to content myself with his picture."

"Your son?" I remarked. "Yes," she replied, "my only boy, and I'm mighty proud of him." It was easy to see that her heart was full of him and her face shone with delight as she told me of his many successes.

"I was never able to push him on," she said, "and the little money I had

*Philip Inman*

didn't go very far. But he's done wonderfully well. And now he's a partner in an accountant's business in the City."

Whilst she spoke it struck me that it was strange for a young fellow who had prospered so greatly to allow his mother to be in the general ward of a hospital.

Not that I have anything against our general wards. As a matter of fact, if I were ill I would much rather be in one than in a private room.

### *The soul's hunger*

But when I asked No. 17 how long it was since she had last seen her boy, she hesitated, and then said, "Why, bless me, it must be a few weeks since." "But doesn't he know you're ill and in here?" I asked her. "No," she went on shyly. "You see he's a busy man and I didn't want to worry him."

Yet there that mother lay, weak and ill, hungering for a sight of her son. I begged her to let me send for him, but "Not just yet," she answered me quietly. "But you're undergoing your second operation to-morrow" I reminded her.

I think she must have divined my thoughts, for she said very softly, "If I shouldn't get better let him know that I was thinking of him right to the end."

The next time I saw No. 17 was when she was hovering in the shadows after her operation.

The doctor told me that the operation had been quite successful, but he added ominously, "Her heart's none too good." He had scarcely said that when the patient came back to full consciousness and the first word she spoke was "David." "Pity we can't get that young man here," commented the doctor. "It might make all the difference to her."

That decided me. An urgent message was sent to him, and two hours later he came, accompanied by a beautiful girl whom he introduced as his wife.

### *The sunshine arrives*

As we walked up to the ward he confessed that he had not seen his mother for over two years, and during that time he had married unbeknown to her. I advised the girl to remain outside, as in the patient's present condition the surprise might be too great for her.

I can see now the lovelight shining in her eyes when she beheld her son. After a few minutes he came out and said he had told his mother about his wedding and she had asked for his wife. He had now left the two of them together.

I told this man of the great pride his mother had in him. He shook visibly, and on his face came a look of utter dejection.

"May God forgive me," he said brokenly. "I thought she would share some of my friends, and that is why even my wife didn't know I had a mother until to-day."

Just then a nurse brought his wife into my room. There were tears in her eyes. "David," she said, "why didn't you tell me; I could have loved her dearly."

The doctor who had entered my room unnoticed interposed very quietly. "You'll still have time, for she's just taken a turn for the better."

*The Sentence of the Court*

# TOO MANY CROOKS

## A Jolt for "Jix"

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, the Home Secretary, charged with aiding and abetting a number of notorious criminals in a series of offences ranging from bigamy to burglary, pleaded "Not guilty," and hinted that he was the victim of a plot hatched in Moscow.

"This charge," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is based on criticism indulged in by Mr. Justice McCardie, and even a politician suffering from the 'blues,' owing to his incurable habit of seeing 'red,' will think twice before imputing Bolshevism to the Bench.

"Pointing out that there is more crime in this country to-day than there has been in any period within the last sixty years, and that a larger number of criminals escape detection, Mr. Justice McCardie suggested that this might be because the police are doing a tremendous amount of work which has nothing to do with the prevention or detection of crime.

"What with controlling traffic, setting traps for motorists, inspecting hackney carriages and seeing that cigarettes and sausage rolls are not purchased in prohibited hours, the present-day peeler has his hands more than full.

"One result of this is that while the number of persons—57,374—tried for indictable offences in 1924 was the lowest, with one exception, over a period of twenty years, the number of crimes—112,574—was the highest on record."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said it was as necessary to protect the lives of citizens against speed maniacs as it was to protect their property against burglars, and the fact that the number of motoring cases brought before the courts had increased in one year from 99,906 to 123,774 was a tribute to the vigilance of the police.

Only a schoolboy (concluded counsel) suffering from a prolonged diet of penny dreadfuls imagined that the police existed solely to track down murderers and circumvent dark foreigners intent upon abducting beauteous maidens.

* * *

"While the police have to devote so much of their time to pettifogging tasks," said Mr. Justice Bull, "they cannot be expected to cope successfully with the up-to-date modern criminal, especially when the Home Secretary goes out of his way to encourage the delusion that the only offenders, real or imaginary, with whom a conscientious bobby need concern himself are (*a*) Communists (*b*) motorists.

"When the head of the Home Office reveals such a lop-sided conception of the duties of the police, it is not surprising that the enterprising crook should lose the courage of his lack of 'convictions' and become steadily bolder and more resourceful.

"The result is that while P.C. [illegible] busily engaged inspecting hackney carriages the cat burglar seizes the [illegible] logical moment to inspect somebody's household silver, and is rarely interfered with in the execution of his beauty.

"Since the prisoner has allowed so many crooks to spoil the broth, he is not entitled to complain at finding [illegible] in the soup, for I cannot do less than order that he be evicted from his House (Office) to make room for a more suitable tenant."

# LISTLESS?

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Now—health, happiness, popularity are mine.

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You, too, will thank Glax-ovo—and like this fragrant food-drink—with its rich creaminess.

Take it to-night, at bedtime. No fuss, just add hot water. Milk and pure sugar are already in it.

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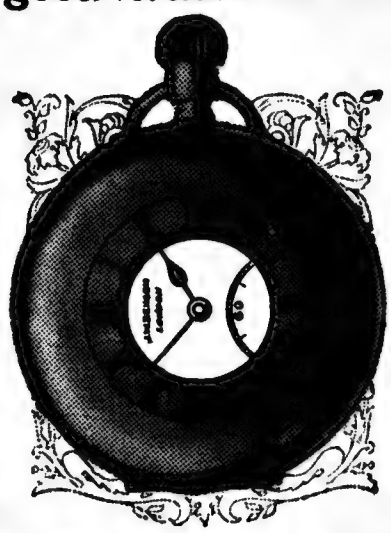

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Every Doctor will tell you that our good old English puddings are especially valuable for providing body-warmth and resistance to our damp-laden climate. All boiled or steamed puddings are inexpensive money-saving fare.

Bird's Custard served as a Hot Sauce makes these economical puddings appetising and attractive, alike to children and grown-ups.

*Here are some puddings the children like* — Fig — Prune — Ginger — Bread — Treacle — Jam or Marmalade.

Pour the rich nourishing Bird's Custard freshly made, and whilst still steaming hot, over the pudding.

Tricolour pkts., 1½d.; silvered boxes, 6½d. and 1/-; tins, 1/3½.

*"BIRD'S is a better quality."*

C.26/6

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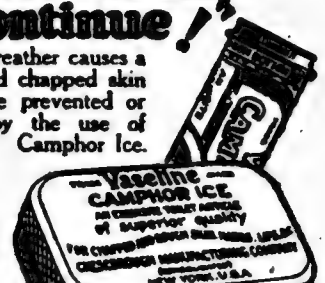
## When the announcer says—

## "Strong Cold Winds will continue!"

Remember winter weather causes a lot of cold sores and chapped skin which can easily be prevented or at least relieved by the use of soothing and cooling "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

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## Everybody's Xmas Tree!

*Every glass is brimming with good cheer—every sip has a smile in it!*

**STONE'S GINGER WINE**

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*Sip it—Drink it—Drain it — and warm up to the fun!*

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## 2/6

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*The New Electric Recording*

### Hear These Wonderful Xmas Records

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|---|---|---|
| G8723 | The Christmas Waits. In Two Parts (With Carols and Songs) ... | YULE CHOIR & Silver Stars Band. |
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| G8722 | Christmas Concertina Medley Introducing Eight Carols... | Concertina Solos by ALEXANDER PRINCE |
| G8721 | Now Thank We All Our God ... / All People That on Earth do Dwell... | Grand Church Organ Solos. |
| G8709 | In a Monastery Garden. In Two Parts | Grand Church Organ Solos. |

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| G8700 | Sir Harry Lauder's Songs Selection. In Two Parts | St. HILDA COLLIERY BAND |
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ASK FOR REGAL AND GET THESE LATEST TRIUMPHS

**EVERYBODY PREFERS REGALS**

**Words Winged to Women**

*WHEN life is to be brought into the world the heroism of women is wonderful. When life is to be saved their heroism is undaunted. Yet all their heroism is useless as a pricked bubble unless we unite to bring to an end the greatest of life's foe, ever-recurring war*

# LOUD CHEERS from the DEMONS

*by* **MABEL HORNER**

THE first meeting of the General Council of the Ladies' Lifeboat Guild has been held at Hampden House, the home of the Duchess of Sutherland. There were 160 women present and the Prince of Wales shook hands with every one of them.

He said: "We cannot all emulate the heroism of Grace Darling, but the work of thousands of women in organising the difficult and often thankless task of raising funds has been carried on in the same spirit."

I have before me as I write the epic record of the lifeboat over a period of two hundred years. No truer words could have been uttered.

Grace Darling had her opportunity to save life by risking her own, and she took it. But all over the world, every day, in lowly and unseen circumstances, women are risking their lives to bring new life into the world. Sadly too often they yield up their own lives in doing it.

### *A useless sacrifice*

Self-sacrifice, in every home, is ever the keynote of true woman's service. So long as children are born of woman that self-sacrifice is inevitable. She alone knows the real depth and extent of that sacrifice. What she does not appear to realise is the tragic extent to which her sacrifice is useless.

Listen! On the pages of the self-same newspapers that tell of women's heroism in life-saving, side by side with the royal tribute to their Grace Darling spirit, are two further items of news.

One concerns Arthur Semper, an Airedale man of forty-five, working at the chemical works of Messrs. Nickson and Partners, Castleford. There was an explosion one morning and Semper was killed.

A terrible accident, and one causing natural distress to everyone immediately concerned. But excitement is left behind, not because a man at his daily toil was suddenly, awfully blown to kingdom come, but because by his death a new sort of explosive has been accidentally found.

A new explosive provides means of blowing thousands of other mothers' sons to smithereens, so this discovery is not to be lost sight of. The Home Office is to examine thoroughly into the idea.

*The Assistant of Dr. W. D. Coolidge, who has invented a tube for generating the deadly cathode ray*

But there is worse. Dr. W. D. Coolidge, working in Chicago, has perfected a very powerful tube for generating the cathode ray, the most powerful disintegrating force known to scientists. Turned on a mouse for the fraction of a second, it causes the body to fall apart without charring it.

Once the report of such a discovery would have shaken the civilised world with horror. Are we dulled by horrors' repetition? God forbid!

Hardly one day passes without the announcement of still another deadly invention being perfected for man's destruction.

First it is a super-tank able to crash down all obstacles and plough its way again out of the deepest shell-hole ever sunk; or it is a one-man tank able with the minimum of guidance to deal out death and destruction; or it is a tank with gas-generating tubes, or an air-machine that unseen, unheard can drop its bombs upon a sleeping city, or a scientifically directed ray that can "cause little bodies to fall apart without charring them."

And all these things in turn will be focused on the children of to-morrow unless the parents of to-day unite in one great, irrevocable decision that it shall not be.

### *The Lifeboat of the World*

Why do the people hesitate to put their hand firmly to this thing? We know the votaries of the Great God Gun never cease their labours and their planning day or night. With equal passion and intensity we must plan and work to perfect the machinery for peace.

The framework, in the League of Nations, has been made. The delegates who go to Geneva are the servants of the people. Don't forget that fact. Give those servants their instructions. Insist that instead of ever more deadly destructive agencies the process of disarmament shall begin.

If behind those delegates the voice of the people is loud enough and insistent enough it will begin. It may even be made an internationally criminal offence to invent any more kinds of explosives and death rays.

It is heroic work that is needed to turn the opinion of the world. The women who possess that Grace Darling spirit of daring and adventure can do it. For remember, the League of Nations was called into being to become the Lifeboat of the World.

# Santa Claus Passes By

*by* **DOUGLAS THOMAS**

THE coal strike has petered out, and the man who sighs the loudest relief is the miner himself, because he has suffered most.

Yet Cook talks on of crosses and crowns. He has dragged his people through the horror of a seven months' strike for a selfish political motive.

In the beginning their faith in his protestation that he was fighting their cause was almost childish in its intensity. Now they have seen the red light, and their anxiety to return to work is conclusive proof of their lost trust in the man who had more than one iron in the fire.

But the damage has been done.

I HAVE been through the Rhondda Valley, where once prosperity reared its head very high, and I have passed through the games rooms of institutions built by the miners.

I have seen miners take two puffs at the popular woodbine, and then "screw" the weed. I have seen old men roaming through the rooms, their eyes furtively searching the floors for stumps of cigarettes with which they can fill the empty bowls of their pipes!

Would any self-respecting man do such an action? You answer in the negative. But the self-respect of the Rhondda Valley miner has been crushed almost out of existence.

His clothes are threadbare and contain patches, his boots are leaky; so are the clothes and boots of his wife and children. Humiliating poverty is his bedmate. He has fought for a disciple of Moscow—and has lost.

WALK through the main streets of the Rhondda Valley and you will see steam, humid and sickening, belch out from the doors of a chapel. The odour of soup pervades your nostrils as you pass. Dinner is being got ready for the mites who will come filing down from the schools.

The kiddies are too young to understand why they have to march to a chapel for their meals. They laugh with glee as they file to their places. And, God knows, perhaps it is just as well that they take it in this way.

But what must the feelings of the miner be as he witnesses this enforced humiliation of his kiddies? It is like salt being pressed into the scars he bears.

Take the plight of the young men. They have nothing to do from dawn to dusk but hang around the street corners, their hands in their empty pockets, their clothes shabby and broken, glum expressions on their faces.

And Christmas creeps nearer. Christmas, the time of good cheer, when every eye is a friendly eye, and a ready laugh is on every lip.

Yet this Christmas has a loathsome aspect in the sight of the miner. For Christmas without money is a farce, and the miner is penniless. He owes his landlord the rent for seven months, and he is £30 to £60 in debt with his grocer.

There will be no holly and mistletoe and gay festoons for his home. There will be no Christmas dinner, no puddings, and there will be no Santa Claus!

A. J. Cook, like the Angel of Death, has visited the miner's home and has placed his mark on the lintel of the door. Santa Claus will look and pass on.

And the stocking that hangs from the bed-post remains empty, the while the child sleeps serenely in the conviction that the dawn of day will bring with it a hundred childish fancies and delights.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, but, in the desperate opinion of the Rhondda Valley miner, it would be better if Christmas did not come this year.

It would mean sparing him the agony of fresh salt being poured into the weals dealt him by the merciless hand of the seven months' coal strike, which has proved a ghastly error from beginning to end.

The miner of the Rhondda Valley knows this now; but the knowledge has come too late to save him from the countless indignities and humiliations he is being called upon to shoulder at the present moment.


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EMBROCATION
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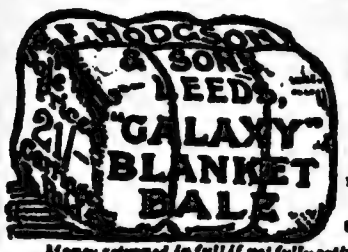
5/6

OPPENHEIMERS

**8 Blankets 21/-**




The lot, packed free, and sent on receipt of amount

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2 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged. Extra large size, 60 by 78 ins.
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2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets, a most durable and useful blanket, size 50 by 70 ins., bordered.
2 Superb Quality White Blankets, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52 by 72 ins. Wear guaranteed.
OFFERED BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES.

**100,000 Rugs**
**GIVEN AWAY.**

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of Postal Order for 10/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussels

**Real Seamless Woven**
**Guaranteed Genuine Bargains**
**CARPETS**

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Dressing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely patterned in thirty Turkey patterns in fashionable self shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 650,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull." 11/12/26
When writing. Established over Half-a-Century.
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**THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY**
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## Human Documents

*PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed*

# A Tragedy of Two Mothers

## A Neglectful Mother—Fidelity's Limit—Courtship Confidence

"A FRIEND of mine, who was married to a well-to-do business man five years ago, has confided to me her strange story.

"The marriage was a happy one, but as time went on and no children arrived to complete the happiness, her husband, who was passionately fond of children, became discontented.

"In these circumstances she was naturally overjoyed when she discovered that she was about to become a mother.

"When she imparted the news to her husband, he lavished every care upon her and a month before the expected date of her confinement he sent her to stay with her sister in a seaside town.

"You can imagine what a tragedy it was when the long-expected baby was still-born. The husband was not told what had occurred, but a chance remark of the woman who attended the wife put into her head the deception which she practised.

"The day before, the midwife had attended a servant-girl who had given birth to a boy of unknown parentage. The two sisters decided to adopt this fatherless infant and conceal the fact from the husband.

"For a year life was very happy indeed for the couple because of the new interest in their home, but a quite unexpected issue awaited them.

"The real mother of the baby has appeared and has explained that the father of her child is going to marry her and that he insists upon having his little one with them.

"The poor woman who has foisted upon her husband as his own the child she has adopted is not only pained at the prospect of having to part with the baby she has grown to love, but she is terrified of what may happen when her husband realises her deceit.

"The problem is too hard for me to solve. Can you solve it?"

"HUMANIST" says: *There is really no problem, only a sad human story of a would-be mother's disappointment and deception. She has no right whatever to retain the child and must yield it to its natural mother. She might have saved herself the heart-pangs and pricks of conscience which she must have endured through her deception, and the only thing left is for her to beg her husband to take her into his arms and give her his forgiveness.*

• • •

"ABOUT twenty years ago I was left in the care of strangers by a woman who called herself my mother. My foster-parents undertook to look after me, provided money was forthcoming for the cost of my maintenance.

### *Mother Wanted*

"For a couple of months they received postal orders, but after this no money arrived and I was left on their hands.

"I grew to love the dear people who were the only parents I had ever known, and I always wished to recompense them for all the care they lavished on me.

"About a year ago, I advertised for my mother in a Sunday paper. I was filled with excitement when I received a letter from someone who appeared to be my long-lost mother.

"An appointment was made for us to meet, a description of the clothes we would each be wearing being given.

"When I met my mother she was 'all over me,' as the saying goes, but after I had explained to her the terrible distress of my foster-parents and the necessity for help, her attitude changed and she told me that she was not at all sure that I was her son, and hurriedly excused herself to keep an appointment.

"I had to return to the only friends I have ever known with a tale that the woman I hoped was my mother had made a mistake.

"I would give the world to have a real mother of my own to love and care for, but I feel a great duty to my foster-parents. What should I do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is quite possible that the woman who met you was not your mother, or if she was had become so callous as to desire only benefit from you instead of giving you the affection for which you crave. In any case, your foster-parents should mean more to you than a neglectful mother and you should strive in every way to recompense them.*

• • •

"I AM a young man nineteen years of age. When I was quite an infant my mother left my father for reasons which have never been explained to me.

### *Father and Son*

"I have lived with my father ever since, and as I have never known him to be in regular employment, I have had to devote nearly all my earnings since I left school to his benefit.

"Growing up now, I have to think of my future and I hope to marry and settle down in a home of my own. I am practically engaged to a girl, but my father will hear nothing of it and has even told me that if I continue to go with her he will lock the door against me.

"There are much better prospects awaiting me if I follow my trade away from the town in which I live and I could, if I left my father, in a year or two hope to make a home.

"What worries me now is the question of my duty to my father. He takes his pleasure in 'pubs' and goes to the pictures twice a week, while I and my girl have to walk about and satisfy ourselves with dreams of the future.

"My father is an able-bodied man of forty, and I cannot see why he should not look after himself and leave me to make my own way in life.

"Should I consider such a father, even though he called me selfish and a breaker of the Fifth Commandment, or go on my own?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I think a young man of your age is perfectly justified in doing the best he can for himself, and if you can improve your prospects by leaving your father, you should do so. A strong man of forty who sponges on his son is not deserving of much consideration.*

## Mother Hearts

MOTHER-LOVE is perhaps the sweetest sentiment in human nature, but, alas, it often remains unsatisfied. Childless women can ease the pain of their aching hearts and provide comfort for little ones whose parents are in distress by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These——" Fund.
(See page 38.)

"AS a happily married woman I am greatly concerned regarding my sister who expects shortly to marry. She is a girl who loves pleasure, is vain about her dress, and the monetary value of a gift is more important than the good will of the giver.

### *A Bad Match*

"Her fiancé is somewhat similar. He has a strong sense of his own importance and considers outward appearances above everything.

"I know that he holds a good position, but his income is only about half what he represents it to be, and although as an engaged couple they cut a fine figure, I cannot help wondering what the position will be after they are married and the girl discovers that she has to keep house on about half what she supposes.

"I can understand that, after making an impression on the girl by his apparent affluence, he is loath to give up the prize he has captured, but on the other hand I know enough of her disposition to realise that she has not sufficient grit in her constitution to accept a lower position than she has looked forward to.

"Should I tell my sister what I know of her fiancé's financial position, or leave it to her to discover for herself?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I think you would be quite justified in suggesting to your sister that she should ask her fiancé to tell her exactly what his income is, so that she may be prepared for her financial position as a wife. Mutual confidence is the only sound basis for matrimonial happiness and the foundation should be laid during courtship.*

• • •

### *The Way Out*

"I am engaged to a girl under twenty-one whose parents refuse their consent to our marriage. She is one of a family of six, including a lad of sixteen, and all sleep in the same room. Can I get her away from such appalling conditions?"

"Humanist" says: *Apply to the magistrate for permission to marry. He may grant it on the grounds that parental consent is being unreasonably withheld, and would no doubt take into consideration the fact that the conditions of the girl's home are dangerous to her moral welfare.*

• • •

### *A Baby—and Money*

"Being childless, I should like to have a little one to brighten the home, but I cannot afford to adopt a baby without premium or payment for its upkeep. Can you tell me how to obtain a child on such terms?"

"Humanist" says: *I entirely disapprove of the adoption of children for mercenary motives, but a motherly woman of good character can sometimes satisfy her longing by applying to the local guardians for a child to be boarded out.*

• • •

### *Black and Blue*

"My daughter tells me that lately she has been followed home by a black man who tries to force his attentions on her. He has even gone to the same cinema and tried to sit by her. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Tell your daughter to complain to a policeman the next time she is annoyed. Black men with evil intentions have a wholesome fear of men in blue.*

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**Mrs. W. E. Douse, *writes*:—**

"I AM very satisfied with the results of Phosferine, especially as its general effect on myself for loss of appetite is wonderful. I take seven to nine drops of the tonic in water about 11 o'clock each morning, and at night the same amount, and I am able to have a good night's rest and wake in the morning without a headache. I am now able to eat my meals with more enjoyment than I had done for a long time, and I can go about the day's work without that heavy feeling and weariness. For a general pick-me-up and tonic, I have found nothing to equal Phosferine, and I can recommend it to all who want toning up." (2, Martin's Place, Besson Street, New Cross, S.E. 10*th October*, 1925.)

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*When friends come in for a chat, a smoke, or to share your friendship and hospitality. When the warmth of your welcome brings pleasure to all—then smoke and enjoy either one of Morris's, "BLENDS." Their soothing and delightful fragrance will complete the social atmosphere of charm and happiness.*

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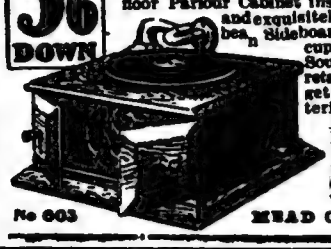
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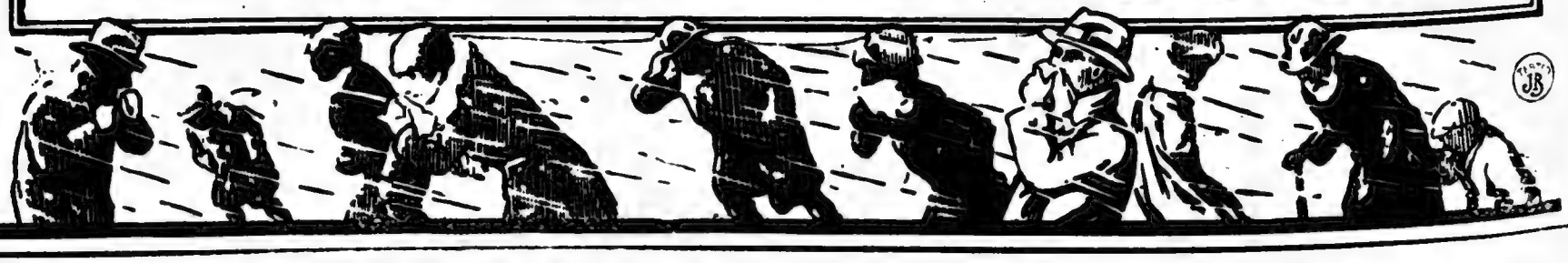

*Our Letter Parliament*

# The Human Christ

## Lordly Labour—The Powerless League—Precious Pictures

*Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."*

I SHOULD like to thank Mr. E. Roffe Thompson for his article on "If Christ Came Back!" and to add that, in my opinion, the Church could be a greater power in the land to-day if every minister spoke out like the Rev. C. B. Roach. What we badly want are disciples of Christ who will speak the truth even if it gives offence to the most wealthy members of their congregations, for the Church's bounden duty is to denounce evil by whomsoever committed.—*Churchgoer, Elgin.*

### Christ and the B.B.C.

If Christ came back, I believe He would be a journalist, or at least would use the columns of the Press for His message. As a means of reaching the people, the pulpit is now antiquated. But how many would allow Him to say what He thought, or would He be able to broadcast without censorship by the B.B.C.?—*Modern, Tooting.*

### Mixing with the Multitude

If Christ came back He would, I believe, behave in a much more human fashion than some religious people would have us believe. He might be seen among the multitude at a football match and in many another place that is carefully avoided by so many parsons and priests. To understand and sympathise with plain people one must mix with them.—*Catholic, Sussex.*

### Souls and Slums

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson suggests that parsons should stop prattling about souls and do more for our bodies. This is far too sweeping a remark, when we remember that a man without a soul or with a very unclean one will very often make a slum of the cleanest environment procurable. Let us wipe out our slums by all means, and if at the same time we can clean the slums of character so much the better.—*J. P., Southsea.*

### Intolerable Tolerance

Last week a writer in the "Letter Parliament" says of two parsons that they dare not speak out for fear of losing members. How eloquently it tells of the depths to which man has dragged Christianity. A Church that tolerates, complacently or otherwise, the abuses of to-day is not worthy of the name.—*M. W G., Malton.*

### Quiet Work

The big noise about the Rev. C. P. Roach is good so far as it goes. But many ministers are doing the same work regularly. C.O.P.E.C. is quietly, but persistently working for the abolition of slums. Manchester Christian Council is building houses with a rental working men can pay. When workers and others support such efforts with loans free of interest or at lower rates, then we shall get something done.—*R., Derby.*

### Truth Afraid

When we consider the idle platitudes that glide so glibly from our tongues and the paucity of Christian deeds, the best of us might well be ashamed. Every dirty back street, every hungry person, every ill-clad and barefooted child, are crying protests against our professed Christianity, yet those who would count human happiness above profits are so shouted down that they become scared of standing for truth and justice.—*W. L., Liverpool.*

### A Word for Leeds

May I ask Mr. Roffe Thompson if he knows the Leeds back-to-back houses personally or only by hearsay? People who live in this type of house prefer to do so. One advantage is the extra warmth induced by other dwellings on three sides, and another is the absence of draughts. There is no lack of fresh air (as fresh air goes in a large city) if windows are opened wide every day. Only in one district in Leeds can the back-to-back houses be described as even remotely resembling slums.—*Leodiensis.*

### What a Shock

The Churches honestly intervened in the coal question, and were promptly told to mind their own business. Newspaper editorials would doubtless tell parsons to preach the gospel and not say what they know little about if every preacher next Sunday denounced slum owners by name.—*E. R. S., Birmingham.*

## Printers' Pie

*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."*

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL":—"The room was one mass of flames. There was no sign of FIRE in the room."

"STRATFORD EXPRESS":—"Detective ——— now stated that nothing was UNKNOWN against the prisoners."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO":—"Working hours are fixed at 44 a week THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, and 46½ during the SUMMER time.

"SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS":—"Both were laid flat on their stomachs face UPWARD on a grass bank outside the hall grounds."

"WOMEN'S WORLD LIBRARY":—"Mrs. Brown DID look white now. Her face was FLUSHED."

"COLESHILL CHRONICLE":—"Rabbits 3s. to 3s. 9d. per CWT."

### The Fruit Ramp

A friend of mine recently brought home from Spain a 10lb. barrel of grapes, for which he had paid roughly 3½d. per pound. In the shops here the price is 1s. per pound, a difference of 8½d. per pound, which needs a mighty lot of explaining. —*Lol, Birkenhead.*

### Dignity and Dust

Mr. Pickering denies dignity to dustmen, but where is the indignity in any form of useful work? He says "man was blessed with a pre-eminent brain," and "was never fashioned to be a beast of burden." Man's brain is the result of countless years of evolutionary activity in which manual work had a big share. —*D. L., Denville.*

### The Lame League

Every sane man desires peace rather than war, but the increased armaments of every country are a proof that the League of Nations is not nearly so great a force as it ought to be. Only by educating the people can real peace be secured, and so long as every so-called civilised nation insists on preparing for war—war will continue to be an ugly possibility.—*War-Hater, Durham.*

### Prohibit the Pistol

Surely the time has now come when the manufacture of firearms (except for military purposes) should be strictly prohibited. At present any Tom, Dick or Harry can obtain a permit merely by stating a plausible excuse. The results are only too apparent; hold-ups at the pistol point, suicides, or even worse. A revolver in the pocket is a direct incentive to crime.—*Citizen, London, N.*

### Two Pictures

Twenty-one thousand guineas has just been paid for Romney's art picture of "Three Children," together with similar sums for other pictures. For the past seven months, millions have been spent in an endeavour to remove the "likeness of God" from the faces of miners' children. Are these pictures of art really more precious than the "image of God" in human form?—*S. W., Radstock.*

### A Tanner a Day

"Woodbine Willie" imputes accruing expenses to strikes, but fails to realise how Westminster is for ever evolving expensive schemes and imposing them upon the local authorities to carry into effect. If "Woodbine Willie" were a guardian or a county councillor, he would realise who is the real rate-inflator. How can a family of seven live on 33s. a week? Rent, including rates, 5s. 9d., coal 3s. 6d., leaves an approximate balance for food and clothing of 6d. per head per day. Can a man live on three packets of Woodbines a day and face increased taxation?—*C. C., Mold.*

## APOLOGY.

### Belfast Corporation and Councillor D. Anderson, J.P.

IN an article in our issue of November 6 a contributor criticised Councillor Anderson, J.P., of Belfast, in connection with a housing case. We inferred that Councillor Anderson had let to an ex-Serviceman a single room without a window, where the bed had to be made in the day time with the aid of a candle. The truth is that this was Councillor Anderson's description of the place from which this ex-Service man had moved to live in the dwelling reconstructed by Councillor Anderson. In view of this fact, and of other circumstances which have been brought to our notice, we unreservedly withdraw any imputation on Councillor Anderson which our article may have made and publish at the earliest opportunity this explanation and apology.


## IN HER FORTIES.

There is not a woman anywhere, married or single, rich or poor, about the age of forty, who is not perturbed at the thought of the next few years before her. Every woman fears the miseries that often develop at this age. She fears them all the more for their uncertainty. Often the first sign is not recognised at all—a certain irritability of temper, a low-spirited depression which the patient does not attribute to its true cause until bodily suffering in the shape of violent headaches, back pains, and palpitation give an unmistakable warning.

These sufferings are not unavoidable. During the last few years more and more evidence has been accumulating to prove that the new rich blood which Dr. Williams' pink pills make is able to carry a woman in the most wonderful way through the ordeal of the "forties" without suffering or danger. Thousands of women have found these pills the means by which new health and a brighter outlook on life were gained.

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now; of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. Every woman of middle age should read "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.



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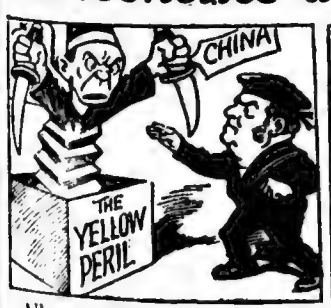
## Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

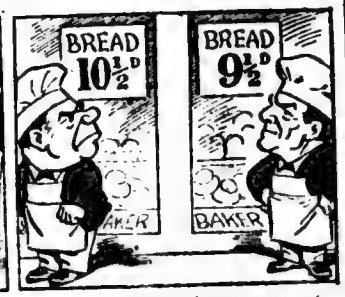
by FRANK HOLLAND




All our locks this Jack-in-box
Once more breaks asunder,
If to force we have recourse
Can we keep him under?

"If you intend to condescend
To use my proffered pelf,
It will, I fear, look rather queer
To then refuse myself!"

As mass-singing now is ringing
Up and down the land,
Many a yokel will be vocal
In this loud demand.




Are our bakers figure-fakers?
Should our bread be dearer?
That replies don't harmonise
Only makes things queerer

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ALFRED H. MAURICE
THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT
19, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4
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# First Blood for Favourites

## Mixed Doubles Make Money—The Best Race for One-a-day Backers—The Two Leaders—Follow Mitchells—And One-Eyed Top Light

I SUGGESTED in my notes last week that the best way to make money over the sticks was to follow the favourites, in mixed doubles, during December.

**First Blood at Newbury**

Newbury opened the ball on the first of the month with four of the six races won by horses at the head of the market—Twinkler, 9 to 4; Mendoza, 8 to 11; Top Light, 11 to 8; and Clashing Arms, 6 to 4. Statistic fiends who like to work out these doubles—and debit the nine losing wagers—will find that the profit on the day was approximately 20 points.

**The Triumph of Fitness**

I do not suppose, for one minute, that profits of this nature will continue—any one with a grain of sense knows that it is impossible—but the system is good for the next few weeks.

**For One-a-day Backers**

A number of backers of one horse a day have asked me which race on the card I consider the best for favourites. I have gone into this question before with the aid of *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, so there is no need for further research. The best race is the 'chase of three miles or over.

**Leader—Father and Son**

Tom Leader, senior, and Tom Leader, junior, father and son and trainer and jockey, anticipate another bumper National Hunt season, but it is not advisable to follow a stable unless you are as substantial as the Bank of England. Tom, senior, has over thirty horses under his charge and the pick are Sprig—fourth in Jack Horner's Grand National—Desert Chief and Aisle. These three are certain to pay their way. The recent flat campaign should be sufficient to show backers the absurdity of blindly following jockeys' mounts on a level stake. Tommy Weston, the champion jockey, showed a loss on all his rides of 88 points. Freddie Fox, second in the winning list, was 150 points on the wrong side of the ledger. Steve had a very bad season. He had 588 mounts and was successful in 61 races. With a stake of £1 on every horse, his mounts showed a loss of over £330. I am afraid we cannot get rich this way.

*Tom Leader, owner-trainer*

*Tom, Junior, the crack N.H. jockey*

**Elliott in Egypt**

Young Elliott, who held the jockeys' championship, finished fourth, but he brought off several long shots, and showed a small loss of 26 points. He is now on his way to Egypt, where he intends to keep fit by riding throughout the winter. In the land of the Pyramids the weekly programme is limited to two days, so he can combine business with pleasure. The racing is held at Cairo, on grass and sand tracks.

**Notes from Kempton**

I had my first taste of this season's jumping campaign at Kempton, thanks to the Manchester Cup once more being blotted out by fog. Three favourites scored at respectable prices, and backers seemed fairly satisfied. I made a note of Cat Burglar, British Warm and Mitchells as future winners.

**Mitchells is Very Fast**

Mitchells was engaged in the two and a half mile 'chase, but I think his best distance is two miles. He showed terrific speed and at one time was eight lengths ahead of the favourite, Clashing Arms. As Clashing Arms is usually the best part of a fence ahead of his opponents in the early stages of a race, you will realise the pace was hot. Mitchells was done for four furlongs from home, and the task of making up the leeway also ruined the chances of Colonel Anthony's gelding. Navana beat him easily in the run in.

**One-eyed Top Light**

Another useful animal to follow throughout the season is the grey gelding, Top Light, who won over hurdles in runaway fashion at Newbury. The gelded son of Senseless is handicapped owing to the loss of one eye, but he takes the obstacles like a cat and has speed.

**Not Dead Yet**

In spite of the Dismal Jimmies, the betting tax has not killed the jumping game. The race-course owners are not too happy, but they will probably solve their difficulties by obtaining sanction from the powers-that-be to lower the amount of their prizes. On the other hand, judging by the size of the fields, the race-horse owners are not intimidated. A dozen of wealthy Americans, who mainly race for sport, have entered the arena, and I noticed that in one of the hurdle races at Birmingham eight of the twenty runners belonged to the fair sex. The outlook is sufficiently bright to keep us going until the entries for the National, Lincoln and Spring Handicaps are published in January.

**Resolutions will be Broken**

When these pleasant little lists come along our lion-hearted layers will offer us 20 to 1 anything with a dog's chance, and I wonder how many backers will be tempted to accept these prices. In spite of Kings of Clubs, the Jack Horners, Myra Grays and Invershins, many resolutions made prior to January 1 will be forgotten.

**Fade-away Bookmakers**

With the advent of the tax I mentioned that bookmakers would spring up like mushrooms. Just on 10,000 have taken out betting certificates and, judging by the complaints which reach me daily, the fade-away-and-never-pay brigade are reaping a rich harvest.

**Telephoned Bets**

One of the dodges being worked to death is to square a winning account with a number of losing wagers which the backer has never made. With telephoned bets there is no remedy as it is a backer's word versus that of the book-maker. The only way to save being robbed in this heartless fashion is to write to me before opening an account with a new man. If he is on our black list I shall be pleased to pass on the information.

"SILVER RING."

**FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK**

LOYAL SCOT should win for Frank Hartigan at Windsor.

DETRITUS has a big weight, 12 st. 6 lb., in the December Handicap Hurdle on Thursday, but can win if he likes. This one of Martin's should be followed throughout the season.

SNAKE ASH is a likely long-priced winner at Carlisle on Friday. The company is not up to much.

CASTLEDERG—engaged at Derby on Friday—has been "expected" since the opening of the season. Will win at a nice price in due course.

POSTINO, who won for the code followers at 5 to 2 last week, has an easy task at Lingfield.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
*Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.*

G V P C 3 T I E B D Y A N 2

K Q R X W O S Z F M L U H J

How to read the code: In place of the letters of figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. XYUINSHKUPD would read CLASHING ARMS.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 8, to Tuesday, December 14.

# "Soccer" Selections

**WEEK-END COUPS.**

6 HOME.—Tottenham, Sunderland, Swansea, Bradford, Aberdeen, Partick.

5 HOME.—Everton, Sunderland, Portsmouth, Bradford, Aberdeen.

4 HOME.—Birmingham, Manchester C., Portsmouth, Partick.

3 AWAY.—Newcastle, Preston, Motherwell.

3 DRAWS.—Oldham v. Hull, Dundee v. Glasgow Rangers, Falkirk v. Queen's Park.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—West Ham, Bradford, Aberdeen, Newcastle, Motherwell.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Celtic, Preston, Reading v. Middlesbrough.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (League I. and II.).—Tottenham, Sunderland, Manchester C., Portsmouth, Swansea.

**FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 18.**

THE LEAGUE.—(DIVISION I.)

HOME WINNERS.—Burnley, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester U., Newcastle, Sheffield U.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bury, Huddersfield.

DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Tottenham, Bolton v. Sunderland.

THE LEAGUE.—(DIVISION II.)

HOME WINNERS.—Chelsea, Clapton, Hull, Notts. Co., Preston, Southampton, South Shields, Wolverhampton.

AWAY WINNER.—Notts Forest.

DRAWS.—Bradford C. v. Manchester C., Middlesbrough v. Swansea.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern)

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Barrow, Crewe, Halifax, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Southport.

AWAY WINNERS.—Nelson, Walsall.

DRAWS.—Rochdale v. Chesterfield, Stockport v. New Brighton.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern)

HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Brighton, Bristol R., Exeter, Millwall, Norwich, Southend, Swindon.

AWAY WINNER.—Bristol C.

DRAWS.—Luton v. Plymouth, Northampton v. Gillingham.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Falkirk, Hibs, Motherwell.

AWAY WINNERS.—St. Mirren, Hearts, Glasgow Rangers.

DRAWS.—Clyde v. Morton, Partick v. Celtic, Queen's Park v. Dundee.

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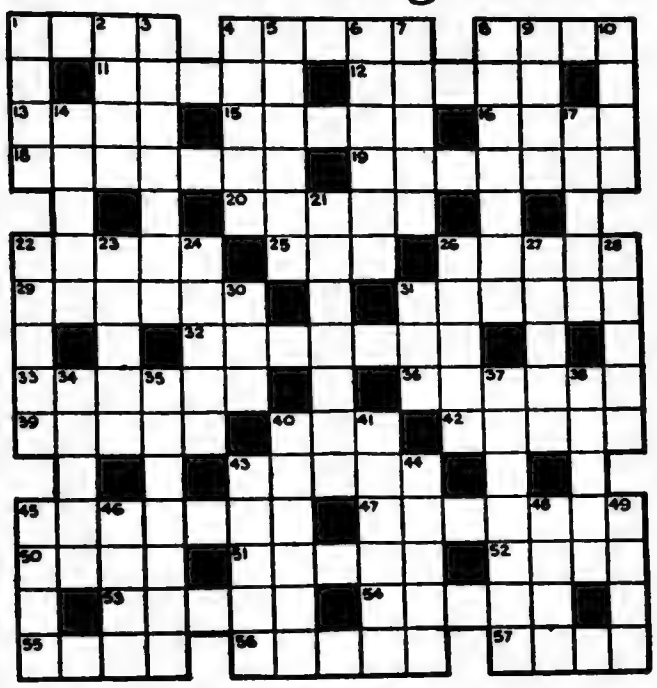
## *Our Cross-Word Corner*

# A Brain Brightener



*CLUES ACROSS*

1. Respiratory organ.
4. Notice of marriage.
8. Communion service.
11. Sharp-pointed weapon.
12. Relating to morals.
13. Similar.
15. In that place.
16. Leg bone.
18. Protect by a casing.
19. Obvious.
20. Vulture's nest.
22. Flat portion of a surface.
25. Cover.
26. Intended.
29. Loved.
31. A concoction.
32. To bluster.
33. Nearly.
36. An invective.
39. Depart.
40. Everything.
42. Weeds.
43. Smudge.
45. Surprise.
47. To prescribe.
50. Foe.
51. Town in County Clare.
52. Perverter of the truth.
53. Matched.
54. Not at any time.
55. A bouquet.
56. Devon river
57. Hindoo agriculturist.

*CLUES DOWN*

1. A girl.
2. Title.
3. Larger.
4. Famous Boer general.
5. Cycling.
6. A sea nymph.
7. "Come on ——."
8. Transgression.
9. A pain.
10. Despatched.
14. Before.
17. Silly.
21. Dish of minced meat and paste.
22. Deadly.
23. The mark "'"
24. Concise.
26. Worth.
27. Communion table.
28. Outer rims of wheels.
30. Small point.
31. Came together.
34. Musical term meaning "slowly."
35. To smother.
37. One who talks rapidly.
38. Land between diverging mouths of a river.
40. A fine.
41. A cargo.
43. Soft snow.
44. Arose.
45. Cease.
46. Charitable gift.
48. Light.
49. Long ago.

*The solution of last week's Cross-Word Puzzle is on page 38.*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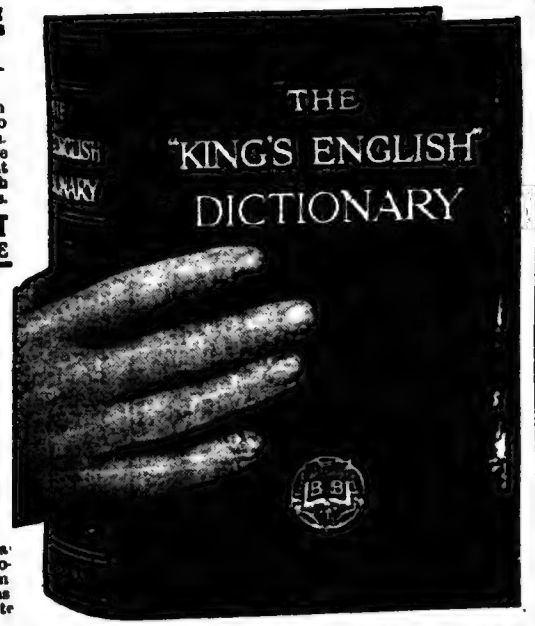


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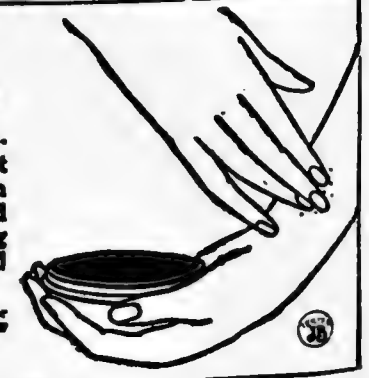


# JOHN BULL *Replies*

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is the most all-embracing Service it is possible to imagine. Readers from all parts of the world submit difficulties of every conceivable kind, and then our experts get to work and give the best counsel it is possible to obtain anywhere. All that is necessary to obtain this substantial benefit is to give particulars and send stamped, addressed envelope. But do it at once; don't get deeper in the mire.

* * *

B. C. S. (Birfield).—"I am a polished gentleman." We know—you're slippery.

ARTHUR F. (Bayswater).—"My sweetheart is a dear girl." Mind she doesn't make you feel cheap.

T. G. (Mansfield).—"Do you know anything about veterinary surgery?" Why? Are you ill?

R. M. E. (Glasgow).—"I often see pictures in the fire." We often see pictures that deserve to be.

D. N. (Hull).—"The dear girl has given me all her heart." When you are married she may give you a bit of her mind.

R. V. C. (Devizes).—"I am told some of our big popular novelists are able to run to a big staff of servants." And an unlimited number of pages.

S. T. (New Barnet).—"My aunt in the country sent me a couple of what she described as 'royal' cheeses." Did you find them a bit high and mitey?

T. E. (Sherborne).—"Is it dangerous to jump out of a balloon with a parachute." Not so dangerous as to jump out without one.

MRS. J. (Dover).—"I am going in for a course of business training." Is it so hard as all that to get money out of the brute?

S. N. P. (Sheffield).—"No woman ever made a fool of me." It doesn't seem quite fair to blame it all on to poor old father.

MRS. B. W. (Bristol).—"I got my fur coat wet, and it didn't hurt it a bit." Well, you've never seen a rabbit with a mackintosh on, have you?

V. A. (Perth).—"I am coming up to London in the New Year to see the 'Forty Thieves.'" We can show you more than that in one street.

A. G. (Greystoke).—"I have a dozen letters of recommendation, yet cannot get a job." Perhaps employers fight shy of a man who has lost so many situations.

H. H. (Southgate).—"I have broken my wrist. Shall I be able to play the piano when it is better?" It depends on whether you could play it before.

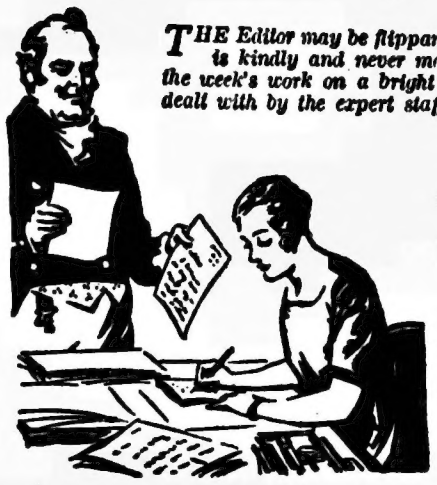
S. T. (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—"High chairs for babies are foolish." Oh, we don't know. At least you can hear the thud when they fall out.

T. A. (Kempton).—"I can't think why he always gets up in a bad temper." Probably it's a case of surly to bed and surly to rise.

L. P. (Liverpool).—"I went to a masked ball the other night but forgot to take my mask." Did anybody notice you hadn't one?

A. Y. R. (Buxton).—"He must have money because he bought her a very expensive engagement ring." But has he any money left?

A. T. (Eltham).—"Can you make anything out of my article?" No; but the Government made 1½d. on the stamp that carried it back to you.



*THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service*

L. N. (Frome).—"I don't jump to conclusions." That's obvious by the length of your letters.

B. N. (Putney).—"Your paper gives me a pain." We're not surprised. It must hurt you to think.

T. B. (Cowes).—"Cars are now made to suit all pockets." We must admit we've never seen any so small as that.

T. R. (Molesey).—"Did you entertain my proposal?" No; but it entertained us enormously.

B. C. F. (Reading).—"I'm sure there's a fool in every family." We take it you are an only son?

MISS B. (Birkenhead).—"I could never learn to like your paper." Alas! it's as we feared. You're too old to learn.

G. T. (York).—"Though she spoke in French I knew she was trying to make love." Every language has its pitfalls.

F. T. (Buxton).—"Silence is golden." We thought there must be some good reason for its scarcity.

M. C. (Coniston).—"How much water is estimated to fall over Niagara Falls in a year?" Two pints to every quart.

T. P. (Accrington).—"You must get a lot of letters from lunatics." No; yours is the first one we've had this month.

MISS R. (Bingley).—"I don't want to marry and tie myself down to one man." What do you want to marry, a syndicate?

D. P. (Dorking).—"The auctioneer grew quite sentimental over the antiques." An auctioneer generally has a catch in his voice.

MRS. K. (Manchester).—"I hate my husband, so how can I find happiness?" In reflecting how you have saved some other woman from marrying him.

G. S. (Woking).—"I am tortured by fear of slipping into poverty in the future." Put enough grit in the present and you won't.

MRS. H. (Preston).—"I fear you launch many shafts of sarcasm." But always barbed with truth, madam, and nicely feathered with wit.

MISS H. (Wells).—"I believe I put too many stamps on my last MSS." Unfortunately it didn't travel any further on that account.

M. G. F. (Newmarket).—"My wife is always giving way to unaccountable fits of tears." Why don't you try and cheque her tears?

MISS M. (Partington).—"He promises that if I marry him he will not drink any more." What he should promise is not to drink as much.

L. J. L. (Aberdeen).—No, sir; we don't know of any nice seaside place where you can spend a quiet week-end and nothing else.

G. N. (Chester).—"I kissed her by surprise." We doubt it.

MISS A. (Birkenhead).—"Have you sounded your staff about my proposal?" Yes, and they sounded very bad.

H. R. W. (Bradford).—"Good new ideas will always bring in money." But not unless they are first carried out.

M. B. (Leeds).—"When I did the death scene all the audience wept." They must have realised that you weren't really dead.

J. G. (Shoreham).—"Our wedding had to be put off because of the fog." And yet there are people who grumble at fog.

E. W. K. (Bristol).—"Debtors lie awake at night." And moneylenders lie—very wide awake—during the daytime.

R. N. (Camden Town).—"I am easily the best player in the band." You certainly know how to beat the big drum.

E. N. (Streatham).—"I'm a long way from a handsome man." Oh, no. It's not so far from Streatham to Long Acre.

L. N. (Oxted).—"I couldn't play that day, but our team won easily." We trust nobody drew any spiteful conclusions.

T. L. (Gatton Point).—"A chestnut hunter was given to me as a present, and I am learning to ride." We suppose you're frightfully bucked.

D. N. (Woburn).—"I enclose a play for your consideration; I've never written one before." You escape under the First Offenders Act.

T. N. (Dawton).—"She gave me some bacon which had a vile taste though she said it was the best home-cured." Perhaps it had had a relapse.

H. M. (Tooting).—"If I don't get my hair cut short my husband says he'll buy me a piece of jewellery." He'd rather see you bangled than bingled.

A. Y. (Milton).—"My friends say I should give up my job and go on the films." We doubt if they are your friends.

JOHN (Southampton). — "Wireless added a good many words to the dictionary." And a good many more to the vocabulary!

M. N. (Beaconsfield).—"What do you think I am going to be when I have completed my education?" An old, old man, sonny.

R. J. (Newport).—"I was hoping for a *Bullets* Christmas Dinner, but I've only won a 'Target' Prize." Then use it to win a New Year Dinner instead—we're offering 100 *Bullets* Hampers this week.

"ANOTHER DIEHARD" (Manchester).—"I specialise, let me tell you, sir, in brains." Letter received. No sample enclosed.

MRS. G. (Liversedge).—"The headmaster was detestable though the school was quite a good one." What you objected to was the principal of the thing.

MRS. D. (Daventry).—"What can I do to stop a neighbour always making a big row on a cornet?" Buy a saxaphone and make a bigger.

T. J. (Gillingham).—"He wears a long tie and a velvet coat and thinks he looks like an artist." He probably looks more like a sketch.

G. N. (Maida Vale).—"I'll finish now as I'm at the end of the page." You are.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*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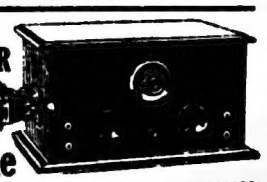
"HOTSPUR" LOUD-SPEAKER 2 VALVE SET De Luxe



15/- Deposit and 11 monthly payments of 20/- or £10 14s. cash in 7 days. Handsome well designed set, giving splendid Loud Speaker results from Local and High-Power Stations up to 25 and 100 miles respectively. These may be used for Foreign Stations. Controlled by single switch. Absolutely complete in Solid Oak Cabinet with 2 D.E. Cossor Valves (One-Point-One other Stentor Two) 2-volt 100 Amp. Lucas Accumulator 60-volt H.T. Battery, Coils, C.A.V. Loud-Speaker, etc., Marconi Royalty (25/-) paid. Send Deposit to-day.

15/- DOWN

E. J. HERAUD, Radio Manufacturer (Dept. "S"), HUNTER ONE, EDMONTON, London, N.18.

FREE—New Radio Catalogue.

5/- Deposit and 7 monthly payments of 7/- buys the "Hotspur" Super-Crystal Set complete. Cash 50/-

BUY THE BEST WATCH Y U EVER HAD FOR ONLY 17/6 Cash with Order

Fully jewelled Lever movement in polished Nickel Silver Case. Handsome in appearance, accurate timekeeper. A watch you can absolutely rely on, guaranteed for 5 years. Beautiful double Albert given free to every customer this week.

BRITISH LOCK Co. Dept. J.B.2 91a, Hatton Garden, E.C.1

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/ NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

—Only 3/- a week—

Why not purchase by easy payments a GRAMOPHONE that will be an everlasting source of joy and amusement in your home? We do not supply cheap, inferior machines, but only genuine well-known makes.

H.M.V. and COLUMBIA STANDARD MODELS. Every machine GUARANTEED

Send for Illustrated List and details at once.

WILLIAM DALE (Dept. 59. 81a, Above Bar, Southampton.

# FREE TRIAL OFFER

## to ALL Sufferers from

# Rheumatoid Arthritis

**Some of our Distinguished Patrons.**

The Rev. The MARQUIS of NORMANBY
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The Countess of MORAY
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The Lady SEMPILL
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Lady CLARKE
Lady D'ARCY OSBORNE
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Lady INGLEBY
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Lady McCLINTOCK
Lady MORTON
Lady PHILLIPS
Lady SEAFORD
Lady YOUNGER
The Hon. Mrs. GRANT
The Hon. Mrs. GUINNESS
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**Great Discovery by London Manufacturing Chemist—Thousands Cured—Prescribed and Recommended by over 300 Doctors.**

This simple home treatment is working miracles every day. CURICONES have saved thousands of sufferers from despair. Their wonderful action often begins with the first dose—pain is banished—swellings disappear—vitality is restored. No such remedy has ever before been placed within the reach of sufferers from

## Rheumatoid Arthritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis

The following extracts from letters received from members of the medical profession constitute more conclusive evidence than anything we can say regarding the value of CURICONES as a remedy for all Rheumatic Ailments.

**REMARKABLE MEDICAL TESTIMONY.**

**Dr J. W. (L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.), of Cheshire, writes:**—"I have suffered more or less from Rheumatoid Arthritis for four years. A month ago, when I commenced taking 'Curicones,' I could only crawl about. I can now walk two miles at a stretch with comparatively little pain. 'Curicones' have given me truly marvellous relief."

**Drs. D. and B. write:**—"Enclosed please find cheque for capsules—am pleased to say they have had good results."

**Dr. J. M. D. writes:**—"The 'Curicones' sent me were used by a case of chronic Arthritis and gave great relief."

**Dr. B. writes:**—"Send 500 'Curicones' to-night certain—they are excellent."

**Dr. M. K. writes:**—"I enclose cheque for 'Curicones' for my daughter. I am so much better I want her to try them."

## Send for FREE Trial Package

### *and FREE BOOK—NO MONEY REQUIRED.*

**Curicones are prescribed and recommended by over 300 Doctors. Their action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules, containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take, and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.**

## *Fill in this Coupon NOW*

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, fill in and post this coupon NOW, and in addition to the FREE TREATMENT and useful Book, you will receive further convincing testimony from the medical profession and former sufferers of the beneficial effects of CURICONES. This free treatment has been the first step to a complete cure with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TO-DAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

**FREE TREATMENT COUPON.**

Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

AILMENT .....

**STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists and Druggists (Dept. E.A.), 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.**


*"The Greatest of These . . . . . ."*

# The Pity of It!

## Empty Hands with the Will to Help

WE have frequently drawn attention, in referring to the work of "The Greatest of These—" Fund, to the distressing necessity with which we are faced each week of refusing assistance in many deserving cases through lack of means.

We can, perhaps, the better bring to the realisation of our readers the present need for increased support by describing some of the cases in which we have been unwillingly compelled to refuse help.

In the Midlands there is an ex-Service man unemployed whose small pension was stopped some time since, leaving him with but a pittance with which to provide for his wife and four children.

A FEW weeks ago he unsuccessfully appealed to a local welfare organisation for boots for his daughter. Fearing for the health of his child if she went to school in the wretched ruins of footwear which were all that remained, he kept her at home, only to be threatened with prosecution.

He begged for help to provide much-needed bedding and bed-clothes as well as boots, but we could afford only a very small parcel.

In the South there is a woman who was shamefully deserted by her husband some months ago, and left without means to support two children.

She has obtained work at less than £1 per week, which is obviously insufficient for the needs of the family, and she is faced with the alternative of the workhouse.

In London there is an ex-serjeant without pension whose wife was injured in an accident on the day that he lost his employment. It will be some time before compensation arrangements are completed and meanwhile there are four children in great want.

We urgently appeal for increased subscriptions to the fund so that we may not be unwillingly compelled to leave so many aching hearts unconsoled.

## "The Greatest of These—"

*Registered under the War Charities Act at the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Commission" 9th, 4s.; "Jessie's Ninth" For Luck, 1s. 9d.; Ena Rendel, 5s.; A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lyne), 10s.; "In Loving Memory of Midgie," 6d.; A. G. (Bulwark), 8d.; Arundel Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. M. Mann, 1s.; B. A. B. (Fife), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Hebeda, 2s. 6d.; The 9th, 3d.; E. Rayner (Coventry), 9d.; "One Ninth," M. C., 5s. 1d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; W. Fox, 1s.; Cash (Wimbledon Park), 5s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; A. E. Garrard (Bedford), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. A. Black, 1s. 6d.; "Jessie's Ninth," For Luck, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; Liverpool Reader, 5s.; G. Clayton (Stoke Newington), 2s.; Mug, 1s.; N. S., 1s. 6d.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; L. A. W.2, 6d.; A. Shoebridge, 2s. 6d.; M. G. R. Strong, 10s.; M. Hotham, 1s.; A. C. Tee, 6d.; Gardner T., 6d.; E. Parrott, 6d.; A. E. D. (Tredegar), 1s.; E. Perry, 3d.; "Constance," 1s.; W. [illegible], 4½d.; Mrs. A. Potts, 1s.; P. P. R., 1s. 9d.; Registered Reader, 8s. 6d.; C. B. (Now) [illegible]; Lady (Finsbury Park), 10s.; "Joan and Ruth," 6s.; M. Kirk, 1s.; T. L. Skinner (Reading), £2 9s.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. Langston (Ilford), 7s.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; W. Smith (Bristol), £1; R. W. H., £1; "Chum," 5s.; L. F. (Brentford), 10s.; W. T. R. (Truro), 2s. 6d.; E. C. Gosselin, 1s. 1d.; Weekly Ninth, 1s.; One Who Knows, 10s.; Constant Reader (Southsea), £1; Mrs. A. E. White, 1s.; E. D., 6d.; A. [illegible] (Aberdeen), 2s.; L., Freestone (Taranaki, New Zealand), 7s.; "Paddy," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 3s.; No. 813, £1. Parcels of clothing [illegible] received from L. B.; "A Sussex Woman"; Mrs. Nimmo, 84, Boswell's, and F. M. M., Richmond).

*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*

# "Bullets" Prize-winners

*(Continued from page 39)*

T. S. J. Edmonds, Lowestoft; Mrs. L. Ellis, Lowestoft; J. Ellis, Wigan; T. Erwin, Sunderland; J. E. Evans, Sheffield; T. R. Evans, Ormskirk; W. Fallon, Hull; Mrs. H. Fiddy, Bellingham; G. Fletcher, Blackley; H. Fordham, Burton-on-Trent; R. M. Foster, New Brighton; W. H. Foster, Huddersfield; W. T. Foster, South Shields; H. A. Fox, King's Cross, W.C.; T. S. Frankish, Hr. Openshaw; C. Franklin, Wandsworth Common; E. H. Furze, Plymouth; E. G. Gardiner, Hull; H. George, Garndiffaith; G. Gibson, Leicester; C. Gittings, St. Briavels; H. Godwin, Wilton; C. Gornall, High Wycombe; J. A. V. Gough, Leicester; A. S. Gould, Bristol; W. S. Gratland, Neath; Mrs. M. Grattidge, Wellington, Salop; Miss L. Gray, Luton; G. H. Green, Chingford; A. V. Gregory, Cardiff; Mrs. E. Gregson, Lancaster; A. A. Grove, Bargoed; H. Hadcroft, Rossendale; A. Hall, Tooting; F. Hand, Newcastle; A. Hanson, Derby; J. W. Hargreaves, Sale; Mrs. L. Harrington, Brighton; G. Hasdell, Old Kent Road, S.E.; R. A. Hawkey, Rye; G. E. Heard, Blackfriars, S.E.; C. Heaton, Hastings; C. W. J. Hemmings, Greenwich, S.E.; J. Henderson, Halifax; H. Hill, Paignton; J. J. Hill, Roscoe Street, E.C.; C. Hislop, Bermondsey; S. Hobbs, Midsomer Norton; E. Hodge, Bristol; J. Hollands, Staplecross; W. Holloway, Londonderry; E. G. Howard, Leeds; A. E. Hughes, Stourbridge; A. Hulland, Dunwich; T. C. Hunt, Cardiff; G. Hunter, Edinburgh; W. Hunter, Kirkcaldy; Mrs. J. E. Hutson, Herne Hill; C. K. Jackson, Illingworth; H. James, Treslaw; A. Jobson, Crayford; I. Johnson, Hoylake; A. Johnston, Coatbridge; A. Jones, Amelia St., Everton; Mrs. D. A. Jones, Ware; Mrs. E. Jones, Nevin; F. W. Jones, Cardiff; J. O. Jones, Kirkdale; R. H. Kearley, Orrell; M. T. Kendrick, Harrogate; Mrs. H. Kettlewell, Blackburn; L. Keys, Forest Gate; G. King, Goodmayes; Mrs. W. King, Swindon; A. Kitching, Keighley; S. Langford, Watford; A. H. Law, Norbury; Mrs. A. Lawton, Outwood; W. Lee, Queen's Pk., M/c.; A. E. Lewis, Old Kent Rd., S.E.; D. Lewis, Llandilo; R. C. Lewis, Swansea; O. Lister, Cambridge; Nurse D. Llewellyn, Barts. Hospital, E.C.; Mrs. E. Lolli, Leigh; R. Lunn, Hartshorne; S. MacGillivray, Highgate; J. R. McKinely, Lambeth; Miss J. McMillan, Stranraer; A. McVarish, Uppingham; E. B. Manfield, Surbiton; S. C. Manning, Southwold; T. Markey, St. Helens; M. Marshall, Maidstone; Mrs. L. H. Martin, Walsall; E. R. Medhurst, Chesham; W. S. Meek, Wigan; Mrs. E. E. Merchant, Westcliff; A. J. Merrick, Bulford Camp; Miss L. Merson, Taunton; L. M. Morby, Charlesworth; Mrs. F. Morgan, Treorchy; Miss N. Morrell, Aldershot; E. Morris, Crownstone Rd., S.W.; J. Morrissey, Gateshead; W. H. Mortimer, Bedford; C. A. Moseley, Burton-on-Trent; F. D. Munn, Upper Norwood; S. R. Naylor, Brixton; J. G. Neale, Wimbledon Park; H. Nicholson, Bowness-on-Windermere; Mrs. Neate, Shiplake; H. J. Norman, Holbeach; H. North, Isleworth; J. O'Connor Chesterfield; W. Oldfield, Bethnal Green; E. J. Ollett, Withernsea; J. Ormesher, Chorley; G. E. Oughton, Maryland Rd., N.

**Owing to pressure on space we are compelled to hold over publication of the remaining 100 Turkey Winners until next week. A complete list of 200 Turkey winners and 730 Surrey Fowl winners in Competition No. 619 will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamped and addressed envelope. List of 200 5/- Prize-winners will appear in next week's "Competitors' Journal." A list of all cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."**

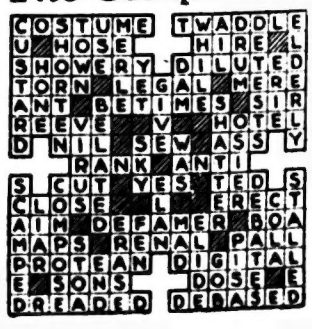
### SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR BULLETS COMPETITION No. 622.

1927
SAID TO HUBBY
A LOVE STORY
FATHER'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION
THING OF THE FUTURE
BRITANNIA
SANDY AND SOLLY
GOOD HIDING
FOR HER SAKE
COMMUNITY SINGING
KEY TO HER HEART
VILLAGE PUB
TREE OF KNOWLEDGE
PAYS HER
WHAT THE CANNIBAL SAID
WILLINGLY
AN OVERSIGHT
HAPPY
WITH OR WITHOUT
WHAT IS SUCCESS?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupon on page 39, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **622** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **622**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. **621.**

## *The Completed Puzzle*

*Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue.*




*This week's puzzle is on page 35.*

## RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 619.

**FIRST PRIZE OF £500:**
**Mr. J. DOHERTY, 1, Lower Road, Londonderry.**
Example :—OWING TO HER
Bullet :—DEPARTED HUSBAND, HUSBAND DEPARTED.

**SECOND PRIZE OF £100:**
**Mr. D. PLAYER, 119, Locking Road, Weston-s-Mare.**
Example :—"THANK YOU!"
Bullet :—"SENTENCE" SOFTENING MOTHER'S "TRIAL."

**THIRD PRIZE OF £50:**
**Mrs. E. EARL, 3, Widdin Street, Stratford, E.**
Example :—MISERABLE
Bullet :—NOBODY TO "WORK FOR."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:**
**Mr. E. HIRST, 250, New Hey Road, Huddersfield.**
Example :—IN THE CLOUDS
Bullet :—LOVERS—"POCKET" CAUSED "CRASH."

**FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:**
**Mr. G. H. GROSSE, 76, Raven Lane, Lincoln.**
Example :—WHAT IS WISDOM?
Bullet :—*Knowing* ALL YOU *Tell*.

**10 Prizes of £5 each:**

G. BELL, 19, Charles Street, Mansfield Woodhouse.
PERFECT—NEXT WAR—EVERYBODY'S PRACTISING.
S. M. HOLCROFT, 218, Evering Road, Clapton, E.
AFTER THE MATCH—PRICE ON HIS *Feet*.
H. HUNT, 74, Glenalmond Road, Sheffield.
WE MUSN'T FORGET—GROOVE IS AMBITION'S GRAVE.
T. JONES, 24, Pitt Street, Chester.
THE KEY—TO NATURE'S "SAFE," SPADE.
A. PEMBERTON, 4, Poole Road, Egremont, Ches.
WHEN SHE'S READY—SHE'S *Not* SO "SLOW."
L. PERKINS, 37, Kingsdown Road, London, E.
OVERSEAS—DESCENDANTS COUNT—NOT ANCESTORS.
W. PINKSEY, 31, Gunter Grove, Chelsea, S.W.
MY CHRISTMAS DINNER—*Middle* OF PERFECT DAY.
Mrs. S. RICHARDS, "Highbury," Treboeth, Swansea.
MAN OF HER HEART—SAYS "WHEN"—MEANING MARRIAGE.
J. O. UGBOMA, H.M. Customs, Sapele, Nigeria.
LOVE'S SWEET SONG—"LIMELIGHT," MOON—"PROMPTER," CUPID.
A. WALKER, c/o 167, Bart St., Hockley, B'ham.
WRONG POLICY—THINKING "TARIFF WALLS" "RAMPARTS."

**10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:**

F. BAKER, "Sandyard," Boxford, Suffolk.
NODDING—OUR POLITICIANS—WE'RE "SOLD."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
N. CONSTANTINE, 20, Deramore Street, Moss Side.
LOT OF TROUBLE—GOVERNMENTS INHERIT—AND BEQUEATH.
W. EVANS, 4/73, Mansfield Road, Aston, Birmingham.
MISERABLE—EX-SOLDIER ANSWERING DIFFERENT "SUMMONS."
Rev. R. E. GAYE, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot.
HAPPY ENDING—"STRETCH" MADE CROOK "STRAIGHT."
H. HACK, 251, Queen's Road, Dalston, E.
MISERABLE—APART—WHILST TOGETHER, NAGGING.
Mrs. MCCUBBIN, 3, Mortimer Street, Birkenhead.
FATHER'S APPETITE—"HORSE'S," IF HE'S "HARNESSED."
C. MARTIN, West Lydford, Taunton.
THE KEY—TO HAPPINESS, A "CRIB."
S. PARR, 31, Niagara Street, Stockport.
RAY OF SUNSHINE—RADIATES HEALTH—HEALTHY RADIATE.
J. M. SMITH, 3, Joubert Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.
"THANK YOU!"—PLEASE *Do* MENTION IT.
Mrs. C. SWAN, 227, Mount Pleasant Road, Tottenham.
RAY OF SUNSHINE—"PERFECT CYCLONE"—MOTHER'S OUT.

### "Bullets" Turkey Winners:

*(Addresses abbreviated, see page 38).*

W. H. Aldridge, Coventry; J. T. Allan, Darlington; H. Allen, Birmingham; Mrs. S. Andrews, Gosport; J. S. Arthur, Leeds; Mrs. W. Ashton, East Finchley; T. Atkinson, Miles Platting; J. L. Attwooll, Southsea; A. J. Austin, Burton-on-Trent; W. F. Badger, Old Hill, Staffs; G. Barker, Jnr., Southampton; F. Bassett, March; E. M. Barnaby, Gorleston; W. Baxter, Ipswich; R. Beaney, Strood; W. W. Becks, Hastings; Miss K. Bedingfield, Seven Kings; Mrs. Bellamy, Grimsby; — Bennett, Lawson Street, S.E.; S. Booth, Warrington; W. L. Bentall, Keighley; B. Berry, Bradford; W. T. Bilton, Edgbaston; Nurse A. Bloore, Blackburn; Mrs. T. Boyce, Devizes; Mrs. V. Braithwaite, Bradford; L. Breakspear, Southend; Mrs. K. Brett, Grimsby; F. T. Bridle, Maidstone; A. Brown, Nelson; J. Brown, Westbury; W. E. Brown, Ilkeston; G. T. Brunstrom, West Norwood; A. Bryan, Moss Side; C. Buchanan, Basingstoke; Mrs. Butterworth, Blackburn; B. Caley, Handsworth; R. Campbell, Edinburgh; J. Cardno, Fraserburgh; H. J. Carpenter, Tenbridge Wells; J. Carney, Liverpool; Miss N. Castle, Oxford; W. M. Cauley, Liverpool; Miss A. E. Cherrett, Bournemouth; Mrs. L. Chevalier, Preston; Miss D. Churchill, Salisbury; J. W. Clarke, Aberdeen; Mrs. S. Clarke, Newcastle; J. T. Clements, G.P.O., London, E.C.; R. Clews, Leicester; Hon. Mrs. P. P. Clive-Spencer, Weymouth; J. A. Cochrane, Alnwick; R. Cole, Jnr., Windermere; F. Cole, Lewisham; S. Colley, Hull; Mrs. A. M. Collings, Walthamstow; G. Collinson, Derby; Mrs. E. Condrey, Cardiff; Mrs. Cook, Leyton; A. J. Corbin, Dover; Miss L. Cover, Westcott; Mrs. E. Crisp, South Croydon; G. Daley, Dunmurry; C. Darby, Gt. Yarmouth; W. C. Davenport, Birmingham; R. W. Davey, Herne Hill; C. Davies, Hove; L. Davies, Leighton Buzzard; A. Dawson, New Wortley; J. Dawson, Levenshulme; A. C. Day, Southsea; C. Deane, Bletchley; W. Dearden, Morton, M/c.; H. Dennison, Castleford; A. Dick, Glasgow; G. Dickinson, Dorking; W. Dodd, Cannock; J. Doutheyworth, Bramley, Leeds; E. Dudley, Bolton; G. F. Dutton, Allerton; Miss M. G. Edgeley, Cardiff;

*(Continued on page 38.)*

100 'Bullets' Hampers This Week!
Each hamper contains a selected fowl, pork sausages, Dundee cake, fancy tin of biscuits, box of chocolates, box of preserved fruits, cigarettes, & a bottle of fine old port
2nd. Prize £100
'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£250
3rd Prize £50
4th. Prize £25
5th. Prize £10
10 PRIZES OF £5
100 Prizes of £1
10 PRIZES OF £2 10
200 PRIZES OF 5/- 6,000 TARGET PRIZES 500 PRIZES OF 2/6
WIN A HAMPER FOR THE NEW YEAR!

## EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 621.

**CHRISTMAS SPIRIT**
**POSTMAN'S KNOCK**
**WANTING THE EARTH**
**WHEN LOVE IS BLIND**
**CHEAPER COAL**
**SUPPLY AND DEMAND**
**COLD**
**MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS**
**FAIRY GODMOTHER**
**WITH A CHEER**
**WORKING AWAY**
**HEARD AT THE PANTOMIME**
**VISITING TEAM**
**TREAT FOR BABY**
**DIFFERENT MAN**
**A NEW TOY**
**GOOD NAME**
**WHAT SHE BELIEVES**
**OLD SOLDIER**
**LOVINGLY**
**TIME TO PAY**
**OUR FLAT**
**IF MISTRESS WERE MAID**
**SPEAKS FOR ITSELF**
**MEETING HER**
**FINISHED**
**HER DOLLY**
**EARLY AND LATE**
**MARRIED LIFE**
**HAUNTED HOUSE**
**FOR A TIME**
**WHAT IS A PRESENT?**

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

### SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 621 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

### HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus a recent winner who selected the *Example*—NO SECRET, added the *Bullet*—YET LOVERS PREFER WHISPERING, and secured £50 for those few words. Three recent Big Prize-winners were :—

*Example*:—TRUE LOVE — *Bullet*:—TAKES LIFETIME TO "TELL."
*Example*:—TOO MANY — *Bullet*:—NEGLECT CHANCE—BLAME LUCK.
*Example*:—BRITAIN'S BUSINESS — *Bullet*:—"POACHED" WHILE WE "SCRAMBLE."

**ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.**

**Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 621, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(621) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(621) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

**"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.**

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(621) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(621) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

**If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.**

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 618, will be exhibited in the window of Mr. F. WALKER, 15, Bridge Street, Witney, Oxfordshire.

## Next Week MORE 'Bullets' Hampers!

**Send a Post Card for Coloured Price List**

**Encourage the family to spend their evenings at home**

These are the various sizes and prices of RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARD TABLES—made just as perfectly as any full-size billiard table.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 4 in. | £7 | 0 | 0 | or in | 9/6 |
| 5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 10 in. | £9 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 11/- |
| 6 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 4 in. | £11 | 15 | 0 | monthly | 14/- |
| 7 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 10 in. | £15 | 0 | 0 | payments | 18/- |
| 8 ft. 4 in. x 4 ft. 4 in. | £21 | 10 | 0 | of | 26/- |

7 days' Free Trial. Carriage paid & risk taken in transit

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**E. J. RILEY, Ltd.,**
**Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.**
and (Dept. 20), 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

P17

# YEAST IS LIFE!

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50/-

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OFFER THIS SMART FUR-TRIMMED
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ON EASY TERMS
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# RUSSIAN BOOT
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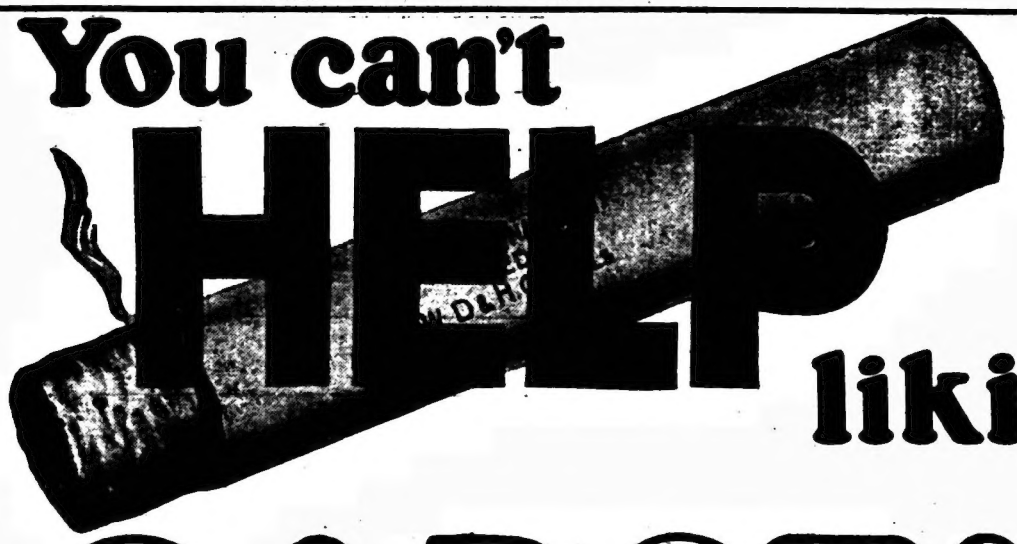

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# NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

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